THE
Morning Ramble,
OR, THE
TOWN-HUMOURS:
A
COMEDY.

Acted at the Duke's Theatre.

LONDON,
Printed for *Thomas Dring*, at the *White Lyon*, next *Chancery-Lane* end in *Fleet-ſtreet*. 1673.

PROLOGUE.

CRiticks, now boaſt your power, for you have made
A Tragick muſe run mad in maſquerade.
All Poets before him the Laws did ſlight
Of ſuch as only rail'd, but could not write.
But he ſubmits ſo far, that you will ſwear
His firſt was writ in blood, but this i'th' Air.
'Twas nine day's work: but truly there might be
As good a Play juſt ſpoke Extempore.
For Whip and Spur, 'tis A-la-mode de France;
A thing made up of Fiddle, Song, and Dance.
All three your dear Delights, no matter then
Whether of ſence there be one line in ten:
This Age is not for tha', 'tis much too wiſe,
What Poets teach, you dull moralities;
That was their buſineſs in that humble Age,
When Hedges were their Scenes, and Fields their Stage,
When the poor ſimple World ſtrove to be good;
Thank time, things now are better underſtood.
But yet he could not leave, you'l ſee him now
Have a ſlight paſs or two at ſome of you;
He thinks there's Bullys dare not fight, i'th' Pit
As well as Criticks, that he's ſure want wit.
One may be both —— They that make moſt ado,
Do oftneſt want both wit and courage too.
But fear no common place, nor ſober ſaws,
By ſome late Plays he partly knows your Laws.
At a quaint Dance, or a Grimace that takes,
The Theatre with loud applauſes ſhakes.
But if true thought be with good Language dreſt,
You ſlightly cry, 'twas well enough expreſt.
Then as you've us'd ſome Plays, ſo do by this,
Clap but that part which wild and ſenſeleſs is,
And for what's wiſe we give you leave to hiſs.

The Actors Names.

Townlove.	*Mr.* Betterton.
Merry.	*Mr. Harris.*
Ruffle.	*Mr. Smith.*
Muchland.	*Mr. Medbourn.*
Raſh.	*Mr. Crosby.*
Fullam.	*Mr. Underhill.*
Breef.	*Mr. Norris.*
Conſtable.	
Drawer.	
Officers.	
Souldiers *and* Watchmen.	

Honour Muchland.	*Mrs. Johnſon.*
Betty Raſh.	*Mrs. Long.*
Roſe.	*Mrs. Shadwell.*
Lady Turnup.	*Mrs. Osborn.*
Two Maid-Servants.	
Three Vizard-Masks.	

THE

THE Morning Ramble.

The First Act.

Enter Townlove *and* Merry, *with Fiddles and Torches.*

Mer. NO drawing back, *Townlove*, I'm engag'd, and am resolv'd to make a Night on't.

Townl. Prethee, *will Merry*, let's part; thou know'st I never use that word to thee but when I have extraordinary bus'ness.

Mer. Bus'ness! what bus'ness canst thou have? I'le warrant you you're to be up betimes i'th Morning to sell a parcel of fat Sheep or Oxen, new come from your Estate in the Countrey, or else to instruct Counsel in a Cause of yours depending I know not where. Bus'ness, quoth a, that ever a well-bred Gentleman should suffer the word to come into his Mouth.

Townl. I tell thee, *will*, I have bus'ness, serious bus'ness, and bus'ness fit for a Gentleman; let that satisfie you: and so farewell.

Mer. Stay, Stay, this shan'not do, *Townlove*, I smell you out; You fear I'le carry you to some lewd House now that abounds in *Burgundy*, and there top up with 'tother half dozen Bottles; then the dreadful Head-ake comes and keeps you in two dayes to be the disappointment of Lord knows how many she-friends.

Townl. And do you think such fears are not very reasonable? A Man indeed hath so much time allow'd him in this World, that he should neglect the Living two dayes for the delight of two hours: Prethee think, would any Man of sense part with his time at that rate?

Mer. Faith,

Mer. Faith, *Townlove*, thou art mad, distracted, gone, and I'm afraid, beyond recovery; thou can'st not consider things I see.

Townl. If want of consideration be a sign of madness, *will*, thou hast been a little craz'd ever since I knew thee. But prethee, what han't I consider'd in this matter?

Mer. Living, *Townlove*, Living; thou hast not so much as consider'd what bus'ness thou was sent into the World about —— Tis Living, Man.

Town. Why, I know 'tis Living, and therefore I strive to Live as much of the time I have allow'd me as I can.

Mer. Thou Live, and yet speak against Drinking, the very thing that distinguishes the Life of Man from that of a Beast! Why, 'tis the onely Spur of Wit and Reason; I have heard more new thoughts in Drinking three hours, then the best Modern Play can furnish you with; Therefore if thou would'st Live, that is, truly enjoy thy self, Drink, I say, Drink.

Town. Well, I can neither stay to do it, nor talk of it now; and therefore good bu'y.

Mer. Nay, faith, thou shalt stay till I give a serenade to my Mistress now, I am under the Window; strike up, Boyes.

Town. Hold; sure *will*, thou'rt mad —— Dost not know her Brother is a serious Gentleman, and not us'd to City frolicks; 'tis the only way to lose her for ever.

Mer. Why, this 'tis, not to understand Drinking, it makes one as dull and thoughtless as a Countrey Curate, that lives upon six pounds, and a cast Cassock two and fifty Sundayes; dost thou think I would Marry her, if I did not intend to reclaim both her and her Brother from dull sobriety.

Town. Why, thou wouldest not have thy Wife Drink, would'st thou?

Mer. No, but I would have her be as mad, and love those that do, Women are fine thin things, the breath of a Man that is merry is sufficient to inspire them with wit enough for a Woman, and therefore here I declare that I will serenade her, and if she shews the least dislike to the frolick, I will, in spight of Love and all his little tricks, disclaim her for ever. And therefore, Boyes, to our bus'ness; come, the Song I made.

Town. Well,

Town. Well, I'le ſtay to ſee thee a poor diſcarded, melancholy, diſconſolate Lover, and then I'le leave thee, and go to my Miſtreſs.

Song.

From Friends juſt inſpir'd with brisk Burgundy *wine,*
Speaking raptures of Reaſon, and ſayings Divine.
I come —— I come —— from this Heav'n I come,
And through dirt and darkneſs I willingly roam,
To follow a Boy that confeſſes he's blind,
He tells me of hope, but leads me through fear,
Nay, ſometimes I'm juſt on the brink of deſpair;
Yet on I follow, I follow ſtill, leaving behind
The two mighty Bleſſings, my Bottle and Friend.
He tells me of Bliſs,
Beyond this,
Yet will not declare where my Journey ſhall end.
Chorus. *Ah, what Charms have thoſe Eyes!*
That a Love ſo ſtrong can inſpire,
It Mirth, Wit, and Friendſhip defies,
And Wine cannot ſlacken its fire.
Then ſpight of my ſelf I muſt follow him ſtill,
A Devil, or a God, let him be which he will,
I cannot, nay, would not retire,
No, though I were ſure to be burnt in the fire.
Roſe *appears in a Night-Gown above.*

Roſe. For Heav'ns ſake, Mr. *Merry*, be gone; my Miſtreſs knows who you are, but ſhould her Brother do ſo, we ſhould be ſent into the Countrey immediately.

Mer. Roſe, Roſe, I tell thee, *Roſe,* I would follow with this noiſe of Fiddles at my heels, and drive him back to Town, or never let him ſleep but in ſhelter of as many Night-Caps as *Moroſe* in the Silent Woman hath.

Roſe. I am very ſerious, Sir, my Lady begs you to be gone before you wake her Brother.

Mer. Come, *Roſe,* confeſs, confeſs; I know thou art acquainted with a touch of thy Miſtreſſes ſecrets; Tell me, is there no other

fear but of being ſent into the Countrey?

Honour, Muchland *appears.*

Hon. Oh, yes, no doubt on't, the Miſtreſs is highly concern'd for fear of loſing the hopes of ſo ſober a Husband.

Mer. Marry, and I thought ſo. ——

Hon. One, that if a Body has occaſion for at night may be heard of either in a Tavern, French-houſe, Conſtables hands, or the Counter.

Mer. Well; and is not that better then to be troubl'd with a formal fopp of bus'neſs, who lodges his wife in the Countrey, to preſcribe for the Agne, then ſcratches his empty Noddle, cryes, I proteſt I muſt poſt to *London*, I ſhall be undone elſe; there ſtayes a whole Term a doing nothing, or what is as bad, that which comes at laſt to nothing.

Town'. And thinks he performs his Duty very well to his Wife, if he gives her a bout every poſt with a long formal Letter of Excuſes for not coming.

Mer. VVhich muſt beget another on her full of Complaints, for his abſence.

Town. Then when he returns in the Spirit of Beef and Ale, *Will*, it may beget a Male Child.

Mer. Which proves like the Ingredients 'tis Compounded of, a fit Companion for Clowns, and of no uſe but to have his Name inſerted in long Indentures, Tripartite for Intaling, ſpecially that Earth that is near as ſenſible as it's Clod-pate owner.

Town. The drawing of this deed too is a new excuſe for coming to *London*, and ſeeing, as the learned have it, his Uncle.

Mer. So, that in fine your man of bus'neſs loves to be thought to love bus'neſs, Courts bus'neſs, lyes with bus'neſs, and begets nothing but buſineſs, or things as dull as buſineſs; and, Lady, will you ſlight a Man that loves Wit, Mirth, and *Burgandy*, for this Animal, nonrationale.

Hon. I pray, Sir, where's the neceſſity for marrying either, do you think there is none but ſuch as cannot ſtay at home for their bus'neſs, or will not, for their Wine and Wenches?

Town. Lady,

Town. Lady, have a care; that is my Province: Wenches! if you ſpeak irreverently of Wenches I am bound to ſtand up for them, and ſhall ſoon be provok't to ſay, that if my friend here, and ſome few others like him, could but reliſh the pleaſure of Wenching, you, and all the ill-bred honeſt Women in the Town might ſleep quietly, or waking, gnaw your Sheets without the help of a Song and Fiddle at your windows. Wenching, quoth a.

Hon. Well, Mr. *Merry*, I ſee you, for your Wine, and your Friend for Wenches, are ſo well met, 'twould be pity to part you, and I am reſolv'd not to be ſo cruel; therefore aſſuring you I am not in haſt for a Husband, but can ſtay till a ſoberer grow; if there be none yet ripe, I leave you to your further Adventures.

[*Exiturus* Honour *and* Roſe.

Mer. Faith, no parting ſo. Strike up, and ſing the *Chorus*,

Chor. Ah, what Charms have thoſe Eyes, &c.

Hon. Pray hold, my Brothers coming.

Mer. I am glad of it, ſince I cannot reclaim the Siſter from doting on Sobriety. I'le ſee what can be done on the Brother; go on.

Sings.

Then ſpight of my ſelf, &c.

Enter Mr. Muchland *above.*

Much. Ah, Mr. *Merry*, you're upon the Ramble, I ſee; what time of Night is it?

Mer. About two, and fair Weather; who would lye ſpending this pleaſant time in a lazy Bed, and then riſe to fry all day in the Sun?

Much. Why, did not Nature intend the Night for Reſt, ſeeming to draw Curtains about us, and the Day for Action, diſplaying the great producer of it, Light.

Mer. This Philoſophy may ſerve well enough for one not in Love, but 'faith my Body is too combuſtible to endure two fires at once; Love, and the Sun: and therefore I drink at Night to ſlacken that within, and ſleep in the Day to avoid that without.

Much. I ſee you would ſeem a Philoſopher too, to juſtifie the drinking as caus'd by your Love, but my Siſter will ſcarce believe you in that.

Hon. Yes,

Hon. Yes, Brother, but I will; for I do believe 'tis Love: Love of drinking, I mean, that cauſes the fire within he complains of, and ſo he drinks on to quench it.

Much. Well, Gentlemen, the ſtreet may prove ſcandalous: *Roſe*, go, let 'em in. [*Exit* Roſe.

Hon. Scandalous! if you mean to them, 'tis impoſſible; for they're as well known in the ſtreet as the Bell-man, and as duly expected by the Neighbour-hood to their Lodgings punctually to come home at break of day.

Mer. You ſay right, Madam; the Smiths, Shoo-makers, Pewterers, and Sadlers in our ſtreet have no meaſure to call up their Prentices by, but the noiſe of my Fiddles playing me to my Lodging.

Town. He tells you true, Madam; for they heard once he was going to remove, and in great fright call'd a Veſtry the next Lord's Day, where it was propos'd to make a Collection amongſt them to pay for his Lodging, on Condition he would ſtay.

Mer. Yes, faith, and a ſolemn preſent of ſaffron Cakes and Sack given to *Townlove*, to move me to it.

Enter Roſe *below.*

Roſe. Come, Gallants, you may enter; but Mr. *Muchland* is not of my mind, to ſuffer it.

Mer. Prethee why, *Roſe*; I know thou art not ſo cruel, but thou could'ſt find in thy heart ſometimes to let in a Friend later than this.

Roſe. Sir, it muſt be with greater expectation of a ſober demeanour when they come in, then I could hope from you now.

Mer. Townlove, *Roſe* is a Perſon I much rely on, therefore prethee mannage the controverſie begun with her, whilſt I go and excuſe my ſelf to her Miſtreſs. [*Ex. all but* Roſe *and* Townlove.

Roſe. No, Sir, Arguments are in vain to me, I'm ſo poſſeſt that Love and Wine are inconſiſtent together, that I think I could dy rather then recant my Opinion.

Town. And, *Roſe*, it may be in doing ſo, would'ſt be as ſolid a Martyr as many of thy Sex, who have, as they ſay, witneſſed with their Death, truths they no wayes underſtood, nor indeed lay half ſo obvious to their Reaſon.

Roſe. Well,

Roſe. Well, Sir, will you pleaſe to come in; the noiſe that theſe Fiddles keep will allure more of you wandring Knights to enter, except the Door be ſhut.

Town. No, *Roſe*, thou and I will ſtand and guard the paſſage to this Inchanted Caſtle, where vil'd Matrimonical Love is purſu'd in theſe dayes of clearer light.

Roſe. Why then, Sir, you dare not enter into any Houſe, it ſeems, that is defil'd with Honeſty; if thoſe be your principles, you and I are not proper Sentinels for one place, being Souldiers of two oppoſite parties.

Town. Why, *Roſe*, are you for no Love that is not bound by the ſpell of, To have and to hold, and the little Magick Circle of Gold, that Fools ſay, makes one of two Perſons as inconſiſtent, and different in their Natures, as the Stars that govern 'em; and as far aſunder in their inclinations, as they are from one another in place.

Roſe. Truly, Sir, I am altogether for being particular in Love, or for not being in Love at all, though I confeſs 'tis no great matter, I think, for any other tye than mutual conſent.

Town. Divine *Roſe*! if thou art not now, or haſt not been particular, as thou call'ſt it, already, then this free humour I'm afraid will make me thine in ſpight of all reſiſtance, and therefore dear *Roſe*, admit of a Treaty, in order to a ſtricter League.

Roſe. Which will begin on your part with a breach of Articles concerning ſome former commerce, that Amity is like to continue long, whoſe firſt Foundation is broken Faith.

Town. No doubts, *Roſe*, but muſt be explain'd on both ſides, to prevent future miſtakes, I muſt know whether I am the firſt diſcoverer of your Territories, that I may the better rate the curioſity, you ſhall know the true cauſe of my leaving my former Traffick, and ſeeking out new Countries.

Roſe. Well, Sir, I am not ſo fond of the Alliance, as to ſpend time in the Treaty; and ſo farewell, if you will not come in.

Town. Come in, ſayſt thou! I am ſo taken with thy humour, that I would follow thee, though it was to Church. [*Exit.*

The Scene changes into the Houſe, where is Merry, Much-land, *his Siſter* Honour, *and the Fiddles.*

Much. Well, I'le go and dreſs my ſelf, and then Ramble with you. [*Exit.*

Mer. Do ſo; this Brother of yours, Madam, is a very honeſt Gentleman, and I have greater hopes of him then I have of you.

Hon. Indeed, Sir, you have a great deal of Reaſon.

Mer. Why, good Madam, can you ſhew a juſt exception againſt my manner of Living?

Hon. Yes, indeed, Sir, a thouſand, if it concern'd me, but I ſhall not need to take pains in particulars about a thing ſo remote.

Mer. Madam, I muſt tell you, there is more thanks due to me for this Viſit, then you ſeem to beſtow by your cold indifferency.

Hon. Thanks for breaking my ſleep!

Mer. For breaking your ſleep, ſay you; marry, I hope to have your thanks for doing it before I dye, notwithſtanding your ſeeming ſober diſlikes of it now.

Enter Townlove.

Hon. For hope, 'tis an Eſtate entail'd upon Lovers and Fools. There is no diſpoſſeſſing them of it, and though I cannot certainly define by which of the Titles you hold, yet this for your comfort I can tell you, Fiddles, and crying Fire are much the ſame to me about two in the morning, and were I marry'd, I cannot certainly tell which I ſhould ſooner wiſh my Husband ſhould waken me with.

Town. Faith, Madam, let your Servant wake you with Fiddles, and your Husband with Fire; the firſt provokes Dancing, the Emblem of Love, that never lets a man reſt, and the other is hot, and therefore requires a ——— Cooler.

Mer. Townlove, I thank thee for that —— 'tis the firſt time I e're heard thee ſpeak for ſitting up late; ſure thou haſt been drinking ſince I left thee without, thou art ſo thoughtful, nothing but Wine would have made thee arrived to the tenth part of this good Nature.

Town. No, truly, Sir, I have been loving, and loving a great deal for ſo little time.

Mer. The

Mer. The fire of thy Love is like that of Gun-powder, flash, noise, smoak, and Exit. Mine is kindled in heart of Oak, where 'tis lasting and useful.

Hon. And which to preserve the Block the longer, you quench every Night by drenching it in Liquor, and then with a great deal of puffing and blowing you kindle it again by Noon.

Mer. And is not that well, when you can have half the day to warm your self by it? an't would but hold out at that rate I should prove the best Husband in Town; but faith, Madam, take me before I waste too much, for this keeping the fire-light all Night will consume fewel monstrously.

Hon. And 'tis two to one we shall sit blowing our fingers half the long Winter of Marriage, for that's a cold time, I have heard many of you Gallants say.

Mer. Ay, such as *Townlove* here, that know no other way to heat themselves but at the main fire. But we that practice the warm Exercise of Drinking, never go cold to Bed, and a warm Bed-fellows Arms is a pleasant place I can tell you.

Enter Muchland *dress'd.*

Much. Come, Gentlemen, I am ready for your commands now, let's whither you please.

Mer. Why then, let's to your Mistress, and serenade her, and call *Ned Rash* her Brother up, and go to the *Rose* Tavern for a Bottle of *Burgundy.*

Much. With all my heart.

Town. I'le bring you on your way, till you go embarque for drinking, and then I'le take leave, being not willing to grow Sea-sick to Night.

Mer. Brother *Muchland*, that must be, for so I know the Destinies have decreed; this *Townlove* is a very honest fellow, did he not delight in lewd Company.

Town. One good turn is, the faults of my Company are not so visible, nor do not make such a noise as yours do.

Mer. If thou understoodst noise, thou would'st not say so, for is't not the whole noise of the Town; who's such a ones Mistress, what he allows her, and whether she has any certainty settl'd on her, or must upon dislike be cast off, and according to the answers of these

Queries ſhe is more or leſs reſpected, and makes the greater noiſe at her Lodgings in the Park, and at the Play Houſe.

Town. And good reaſon too; 'tis not the drinking of Wine, but your ability to pay for it makes you welcome to the drowſie Vintner at two in the Morning; and let the preciſe ſay what they will, 'tis plain they ne're complain of the ſins they themſelves get by, or delight in.

Much. Faith, Sir, you are in the right, I ne're heard of a Vintner or Bawd that complained of Drinkers or Wenchers, except they broke Windows, or built Sconces, and I'le aſſure you I have known very devout People of both thoſe Employments.

Mer. No doubt on't, People that would not have failed being at Church before the Pſalm was ſung for their Sundayes Dinner.

Much. Truly it is the ſame in more warrantable Employments, for you ſhall never hear the Parſon ſpeak againſt the ſin his Patron is notoriouſly guilty of, or if he is forc't to Name it, it is in ſuch a whiſper, that few, except the Reader, can hear him.

Town. Your Lawyer ne're ſpeaks againſt the forgery he is retain'd for; your Doctor, ne're againſt the cauſe of the Pox, nor will a Souldier be perſwaded there is any hurt in plundering.

Much. Nor will all the Rhetorick a man has be enough to Convince a Tradeſman that he doth ill when he over-reaches them moſt that truſt him moſt.

Town. Then ſince no Action, be it good or bad, but hath it's vouchers, I am for letting every one have his humour, and only beg that I may have mine, which terminates alwayes in the conſent of the parties I deal with, and the Devils in't if there can be harm in that, to which all Perſons concern'd give their approbation.

Mer. Why, thou'rt in the right, *Townlove*, and therefore let us by mutual conſent purſue our intentions.

Town. What, call up a Lady with a noiſe of Fiddles at two in the morning, for no other purpoſe but to break her ſleep; it ſhall never be ſaid *Townlove* was partaker in ſuch a Crime; therefore you that can Dance, ſhall; and you that cannot, ſhall try; for I will have my frolick.

Hon. And good reaſon you have for it, Sir, for 'tis a ſhame that thoſe who are ſo us'd to Dance about the ſtreets all Night ſhould be able

able to do nothing tending to the ſame ſtirring faculty within Doors.

Town. Then to your buſ'neſs; firſt, the Catch in commendation of the Liberal Art of Wenching, and then a Dance, to ſhew the methodical motion of Reeling.

Catch.

1. *Boy, call the Coach; come, Jack, let's away:*
'Tis tedious to ſit out this Tragical Play.
A Plague o'their plotting and dying in Rhime,
Let's drive to the Park
Before it be dark,
There we'l better diſpoſe of our Time.
2. *Stay, who is that ſo dreſt like a Queen?*
1. *'Tis the fine Lady Lofty, but let's not be ſeen:*
For her Husband is ſurely gone out.
Chor. —— *She ſearches to find*
If a Friend will be kind,
And treat her abroad with a Supper and 'bout.
2. *Why ſhould ſhe want that? Her Lords a brave Man.*
1. *Ay,* Jack, *but they're marry'd.*
2. *Then what two are you?*
1. *'Tis* Will Lovewell *and his pretty Miſs,*
He hath kept her this ſeven year, yet prethee, Jack, *ſee*
How jocund and merry they be,
How Crown'd, and incircl'd with Bliſs.
Chor. *Love Revels, and Feaſts in hearts that are free,*
But languiſhing ſtarves if reſtrained he be.
1. *See, yonder ſits* Well-born *with his pretty Wife.*
2. *They look as they'd ne're ſeen each other before.*
1. *Shee ſeeks for her Gallant, and he o'my Life*
Hath a mind to be feaguing yon Vizor-Mask-Whore.
But ſtay, let me ſee; by Heav'ns 'tis ſo,
That Mask hides a Lady I know,
Who ſeems for to dote on Husband and Honour,
But look there, Ned Ranter *has juſt fixt upon her.*

2. *She hath yielded, and ſee they do go.*
1. *If Wives will do this,*
Give me the true Miſs,
She'd be hang'd e're ſhe'd ſerve a Man ſo.

Chor. *They're Fools then that Marry, and ſtrive to confine*
In politick Chains what ſtill will be free; } *A Dance; and Ex-*
No Fetters can hold a pow'r that's Divine, } *eunt Dancing.*
Nor Shackles reſtrain great Loves Deity. [*Manet* Hon. *and* Roſe.

Hon. What would I give, *Roſe*, to be a man but one Night, to ſee what pleaſure there is in the inſide of a Tavern; for ſure, it muſt be ſomething extraordinary maks Mre. *Merry* ſo continually delight in being there.

Roſe. Faith, Madam, it is not hard to compaſs your wiſh.

Hon. What, to be a man for a Night?

Roſe. Ay, to be a man as far as amounts to carry on the deſign of going to a Tavern; for I believe theſe honeſt good fellows never examine the inſide of every mans Breeches that keep 'em Company.

Hon. Roſe, you are a little too wanton.

Roſe. Madam, you are a little too preciſe; why, 'tis the bus'neſs of a Chamber-Maid to give hints of delight to her Lady when they are alone, and there is not one in ten, let them ſay what they will, but are pleas'd to hear ſomething to the purpoſe ſometimes.

Hon. Now out upon thee; I am afraid Mr. *Townlove* and you have had a conference lately, you are ſo apt to change my innocent diſcourſe of a Tavern to matters nearer his purpoſe, in which I'le aſſure you I am not at all curious.

Roſe. Well then, Madam, let that alone, and as to your obſerving the delights of a Tavern, I can put you in a way immediately to do it.

Hon. What, without being known!

Roſe. Yes, Madam; for the Suits, Perriwiggs, Hats, and Swords that are to go to your younger Brothers into the Countrey, came home laſt Night, and your Brother has not ſeen them I am confident, if you and I put them on, we ſhall never be ſuſpected for any other then a couple of tight Bully-Bocks.

Hon. But ſhould we in this Habit intrude into their Company, I am afraid they'l make us drink, and I am not able to do that.

Roſe. But

Roſe. But I am, Madam, I'le warrant you as far as a Bottle or two, and you may put on Mr. *Townlove's* humour, at which I'le Quarrel, and that ſhall be our Excuſe for leaving them before they agree to part.

Hon. Well, faith, I'le venture, for I long to ſatisfie my Curioſity.

Roſe. Come, let's make haſte to dreſs our ſelves. [*Exeunt.*

The end of the firſt Act.

The Second Act.

Enter Muchland, Townlove, Merry, *Fiddles, and Torches.*

Mer. STrike up, Boys, ſound Alarm to the ſleepy Sentinels of this Fortification.

Ah, what Charms have thoſe Eyes, &c.

[*They follow and make a noiſe.*

Enter Raſh *above.*

Raſh. What, ſober Mr. *Muchland*! I little ſuſpected to have ſeen you at the head of a Troop of Fiddles and Torches, ſcowring of the Streets, aud beating up of Quarters at ſuch a time of Night.

Much. You ſee how pow'rful Example is, yet conſidering theſe honeſt Gentlemen, my Companions, I think this may be as becoming an Exerciſe, as the following a pack of Doggs all day ſo hard, to kill my Horſes, and the Quarry only a rank Fox, for the noiſe of thoſe we Hunt, which now is much more Muſical.

Mer. Come, come, dreſs, dreſs, we are in great haſte, and have much bus'neſs to do before that great make-bate, the Sun, who lights your Lawyers, Uſurers, Scriveners, Merchants, and other formal fopps to go together by the Ears, do riſe.

Much. I am afraid we have diſturb'd your Siſter with our noiſe.

Mer. Prethee,

Mer. Prethee, dear *Muchland* no fears, for let her be diſturb'd as much as ſhe will, ſhe'l take it for a ſign of Love, to ſee that when her Servant is Rambling, he cannot chooſe but take her in his way, and let them never ſo much diſlike the man that doth it, there was never one of them yet that was diſpleas'd at being belov'd.

Raſh. I am of your mind, Mr. *Merry*, they are the ſame in Lovers as they are in Footmen, ſo they have but enough to wear the Livery, they deſire but one to do the buſineſs, and glory more in the Manies conſtant attendance, then they do in the ones ability for performing their How de's.

Town. Faith, *Raſh*, thou art i'th right; for till this way came up of keeping Miſſes, a Woman counted it a ſcandal to have but one Servant; 'tis true, they admitted them under the Name of Platonicks, Friends, or Admirers, but would oblige them at the charge of their Lovers or Husbands, rather then loſe their Viſits; but ſince this impropriating of Womens Fleſh without Matrimony came in requeſt, 'tis counted a greater diſgrace amongſt themſelves to admit of two Gallants, then e're it was for a marry'd Woman to Cuckold her Husband. And Opinion being the ſole Governour of mens Actions; I believe this to be the only way to introduce Chaſtity into the Female Sex again, and to ſecure men in the knowledge of their own Children.

Raſh. I never knew you want an Argument to juſtifie Wenching in my Life. But come in, and I'le Dreſs me. [*Door opens.*

Mer. Sound a Charge, and Enter. [*Ex. Singing and Playing.*

Scena Secunda. *Scene a Tavern.*

Enter Ruffle, Fullam, *and* Breef, *as from Play, with a Drawer*; Ruffle *with ſome Dice in his hand.*

Ruff. Sir, ne're tell me o'that, Sir, you're a couple of Cheats, and I'le have my money again, or I'le ſo ſwinge you.

Ful. Good Mr. *Ruffle* conſider this Gentleman is a meer Stranger to me, and that money I have won of you, I have it fairly, and will keep it too in ſpight of your counterfeit Courage. [*Aſide.*

Ruff. Conſpiracy; a meer Conſpiracy, what the Devil, is not here a Dye hath nothing but fives upon it: here another with two ſixes, and there a third with two Quaters, and two Tre's? I tell you 'tis a plain Conſpiracy, and I will have my money again.

Breef. Sir,

Breef. Sir, you know I am a meer Stranger to him, and met you at the Coffee-House by chance, and truly, considering I have lost all my money I might just suspect.

Ruff. Suspect, ha, what would you suspect? ha!

Breef. Suspect, Sir, look you, if you go to that, Sir, I might suspect, Sir. that you drew me hither, and conspir'd together to get my money, Sir, considering those Dice I see there, that I might suspect, Sir.

Ruff. Sirrah, thou Varlet, darst thou talk thus to a Gentleman of my Quality, that can spend a thousand pounds per *annum*, and be ne're the worse, that ever I should light into the Company of a Slave that spunges at Ordinaries upon the winning hands for his Bread: begs to go six pence upon 7, to 5, and being broke by paying Laundress, or Lodging, sets up again with a new borrow'd half-Crown.

Breef. Good *Mr. Ruffle*, be more civil; you know I brought you into the House a Guinney, sixteen shillings in silver, and a studdle Watch-Case, and Chain, and have lost them all; then me-thinks you might give me leave to speak for my money.

Ruff. Oh, Impudence! Drawer, what's to pay?

Draw. Three pounds, Sir.

Ruff. Lok you there, Rascal! is't likely you should be set by us to get the value you speak of; when the Reckoning comes to more. Thou *Dogg*, I have lost fifty Guinneys, besides three pounds in silver; and you come in with your studdle Watch-Case and Chain, and we should design upon you in the Devil's name; very likely.

Breef. Sir, I have more money somewhere, and I believe all this heat is because I had no more about me to lose.

Ruff. Damn'd Rascal, dost provoke me? I'le kick thee up the Chimney. [*Kicks him.*

Breef. Lord, Sir, pray, Sir, 'las, what de'e mean, Sir? we shall talk about this anon. [*Aside.*

Ful. Hold, *Mr. Ruffle*, this is not fair, nor must be here; we will have no Quarrelling, if I can help it.

Ruff. I vow to Gad, Mr. *Fullam*, you are a civil Gentleman, but there is no enduriug of this Rogue; therefore, prethee give me leave to kick him out of the Company.

Breef. No, Sir, that need not, Sir; on Condition you'l throw those

thoſe Dice out of the Window, I'le borrow five Guinneys of the Drawer, and loſe them too, if it be my ill Fortune; but I'le aſſure you I'le look to the Dice we play with.

Ruff. Well then; Drawer, go to your maſter, and bid him ſend me twenty Guinneys. [*Throws away the Dice.*

Draw. I ſhall, Sir.

Breef. And do you hear? bring me five.

Draw. It ſhall be done, Sir. [*Ex. Drawer and* Fullam.

Breef. I proteſt, Mr. *Ruffle*, I am ſorry I have offended you; for you know 'tis not my cuſtome to Quarrel at the Ordinary, or any where elſe, but loſe my money as quietly as men of better Eſtates do.

Ruff. Then this *Fullam* is a Rogue; but 'fore Heaven, if I take him at his tricks, I'le cut's Ears off, or have my money again.

Breef. You have reaſon; but Gad, I have ſome Tools here about me, as good Lows and Highs as e're ran on ſmooth Table; Gad, you might, and you would ſerve him a trick for his trick.

Ruff. And will, by Heaven; lend me them then.

Breef. There, Sir, theſe are Lows, and theſe are High runners; you'l never find more than threes run on theſe, nor leſs than fours on theſe.

Ruff. Then we'l to paſſage.

Breef. Come, Sir, let's into our Room, and ſeem angry ſtill. [*Exit.*

Ruff. What advantage have men of Courage over Cowards; how tame this Rogue is with his beating? I have got ſome Reputation for my money in huffing this Rogue. [*Exit.*

Scene changes to a Hall.

Enter Merry, Muchland, Betty, Raſh, *and Maid in Night Dreſs.*

Much. Madam, you ſee the Excellencies of theſe Fellows: Was not the Sport you have had worth waking for?

Betty. Yes, truly, Sir.

Mer. Faith, Madam, I never do worſe than this; my Bottle, Fiddle,

Fiddle, and Friend, are the Delights of my Life, and had not *Cupid* watch't a time when I was ſober, and ſhot me as I ſtood muſing on this Gentleman's Siſter, I think I ſhould never have thought of other pleaſures; but now ſpend at leaſt two hours in the twenty four, in muſing, ſighing, hoping, wiſhing, and fearing.

Bet. A grievous affliction I'le aſſure you, Sir; and if I were able to perſwade the Lady that has this intereſt in your heart two hours of the day, ſhe ſhould e'en releaſe her part for altogether; for I think the twelfth part of a Man's heart is no more worth keeping then the twelfth part of a ſhilling, a ſum too little to be beſtow'd on the meaneſt Beggar.

Mer. Ay, Madam, you ſpeak of a heart that can be divided; but alas, 'tis not ſo in mine; ſhe has right of common in the whole, every part is as much hers as any part, and ſhe can incloſe it when ſhe pleaſes, being Lady of the Mannor.

Much. But I am afraid you'd ſoon break down the Fences, and plead a preſcription of Liberty, eſpecially to that part that lyes neareſt the Water-courſe.

Mer. What, a Lover! and in the preſence of his Miſtreſs, yet plead for the Adverſe party! O, *Monſtrum Horrendum!*

Much. Ay, Sir, a whole Lover may have Liberty to ſpeak againſt the twelfth part of one, there is no proportion between e'm.

Bet. Sir, 'tis poſſible the twelfth part of one heart may be more then the whole of another.

Mer. Faith, Brother *Muſhland*, I think there you are met with.

Much. I ſhould be loath to think the Lady meant a compariſon between your heart and mine; but if ſhe did, I would be glad ſhe would take the trouble of ſurveying both before ſhe gave final Judgment in ſo difficult a cauſe.

Bet. Since I pretend a Title to neither, nor know any body that doth, you ſhall pardon me if I concern not my ſelf about the Buts, Bounds, Quantity, or Quality of the premiſes.

Much. Madam, you that command ſo many hearts, you think to deſcend to the obſervation of particulars is below you; but ſince you will at laſt find it convenient to Build, you ought to ſurvey well the place you intend to ſit down upon.

Bet. Sir, you ſay well; and when I begin to think of that, I ſhall

not fail to be very circumſpect in my Choice.

Much. But do it quickly, Madam, Life's ſhort, and if you intend to enjoy the fruit your ſelf, you muſt plant betimes.

Enter Raſh *and* Townlove.

Town. Madam, this Brother of yours is more circumſpect in dreſſing himſelf for the Tavern, then Mr. *Muchland* was to come to his Miſtreſs.

Bet. It is a ſign he has a greater reſpect for the one, then Mr. *Muchland* has for the other.

Much. Nay rather, Madam, impute it to the exceſs of my deſires, which prompted me to ſuch haſte, as I regarded nothing but the hopes of ſeeing you.

Raſh. Come, let's away to the *Roſe*, for 'tis almoſt Day; and 'tis more ſcandalous to enter a Tavern, then come out of one in a Morning.

Mer. 'Tis true, had not we the laudable excuſe of Fiddles and Link-Boys, which are infallible ſigns of no early Riſers.

Raſh. Well, all the Good Fellows we meet in the Street, and all that are in the Tavern are part of our Company, know e'm, or know e'm not.

Mer. Provided, they carry good Teſtimony that they riſe not thus early about bus'neſs, for if we meet any ſuch, they or we muſt change ſides of the way.

Bet. Ne're fear it, Gentlemen, ſuch, if they meet you, will give you the way without Quarrelling; for if you look on e'm as Fools, they think as ſure that you are Mad-men.

Town. And with very good reaſon; and therefore, deſiring I may be ſuſpected for one of theſe fooliſh Men of bus'neſs, I beg Liberty to give way to you Men of the Moon-light.

Mer. Be but a Mad-man to the Tavern, *Townlove*, and then go away like a Fool if thou wilt.

Town. Well, come on then; I will endure worſe denominations then theſe, ſo I may but have my humour.

Mer. Come, Rogues, Raſcals; come away, and ſound a retreat to Mr. *Muchland*, who ſcarce marches off with flying Colours as I did from my Miſtreſs.

Bet. Sir, I dare ſay he is no more without hopes then you are without

without Confidence. [*Enter Fiddles and Torches.*

Much. No, Madam, in ſpight of Mr. *Merry*, I will not believe my ſelf ſo miſerable, as to be paſt all hopes.

Raſh. Faith, Mr. *Muchland*, nor need not, if it be'nt your own fault.

Bet. Fie, Brother.

Raſh. Fie, Siſter; I'le tell thee, *Muchland*, ſhe's more afraid of being forſaken, then you are of being ſlighted.

Much. I dare not think my ſelf ſo happy.

Raſh. You are a Fool then, let her deny what I ſaid, if ſhe can.

Bet. Brother, this is unſufferable.

Raſh. Come, come, prethee come away, there is ſuch fooling and diſſembling with theſe Women. } *Exeunt all but* Betty *and Maid,*

Bet, This Brother of mine has ſo } *with Fiddles playing before e'm.*
throughly vex'd me, by diſcovering my inclination, that I ſhall not be able to ſleep for thoughts of it.

Maid. Why ſhould you be troubl'd, Madam, ſince me-thinks 'tis well he knows it, 'twill put an end to the bus'neſs quickly.

Bet. But if he ſhould ſlight me, I believe I ſhould dye.

Maid. Ne're fear that, Madam, you have him too faſt.

Bet. Come, I will to bed; no more this Morning. [*Exeunt.*

The Street Scene.

Entes at one Door, Muchland, Townlove, Merry, *and* Raſh: *At the other*, Honour *and* Roſe *in Men's Cloaths.*

Mer. Stand, who goes there?

Hon. Ah, Roſe, 'tis they!

Roſe. No matter; what are you that queſtion who we are in ſuch high Terms?

Mer. Are you men of buſineſs? For if you be, you muſt leave this ſide of the Street clear to us.

Hon. Gentlemen, do you think we look like perſons that are ſent

to fetch Doctors, Apothecaries, or Midwives thus early; or, that we riſe this Morning not to fail meeting at ſome zealous brothers, for the Spiritual comforts of a morning Lecture; no faith, we are men of no more bus'neſs then your ſelves.

Town. Are you Good Fellows, or Wenchers, that you are upon the Ramble ſo late?

Hon. Partly t'one, partly to'ther, like moſt of Mankind; but by what Authority do you examine us thus?

Raſh. We have a Commiſſion to take up all ſtragglers we meet, and carry them to the *Roſe* Tavern.

Hon. Where, after Drinking all Night, you intend to take your Mornings Draughts; is't not ſo?

Much. 'Tis true, that's the ſcope of our Commiſſion.

Roſe. We are for you then, though my friend here never Drinks; he's for pleaſures of another Nature.

Town. I have Commiſſion to Diſpence him as well as my ſelf, he being I find of our Brigade.

Mer. Fall into your places then.

Roſe. But not ſo eaſily I believe, you will think we did not deſign to play the Philoſophers: No, we are for mirth and madneſs, frolicks of ſome noiſe muſt tempt us to engage in your Company, elſe we are going to thoſe that know truly how to be merry; men of mettle, that though they will not break Laws, have an Art of ſtretching of e'm as far as the beſt pleading Caſe Lawyer that wears a Coif ---

Much. And that is further by half then any Shoo-maker can his Leather; for they can fit Law to every Laſt.

Roſe. Therefore in plain terms, Gentlemen, we muſt ſee ſome frolick perform'd that will convince we are not like to loſe precious time in your Company, or we ſhall take you for ſome Conſtables, Church-wardens, Sides-men, and Over-ſeers in Diſguiſe, a going to Ferret, and ſet Toils for the tame Game of *Whetſtone*'s Park.

Town. Your ſcruples of Conſcience are ſo weighty, there ought to be much care taken to ſolve the doubts.

Mer. Your Company ſeems ſo good, that let the Conditions be but poſſible on which we are to gain your acquaintance they ſhall be perform'd: What ſay we, ſhall we break Windows, pull down Signs, beat Conſtables, or fire the Church ——

Town. Hold!

Town. Hold! Fire *Coven-Garden* Church; Heav'n forbid! If that ſhou'd once be done, then ſhou'd I be condemn'd never to hear Common-Prayer again.

Raſh. And what a loſs would that be to the Church, to have ſuch a Pillar remov'd?

Town. *Coven-Garden* Church! It is the Theatre of Beauty, and Rendevouz of Miſſes and Gallants. I dare avow 'tis a greater Advantage to Love's Empire then both the Play-houſes are. No, I'le have no firing of *Coven-Garden* Church in my Company; any other Church in the Kingdome I think may be ſpar'd.

Hon. No, Gentlemen, theſe ſort of frolicks we are not for; there's no venturing upon ſuch without the ſecurity of as many Lives as a Cat; beſides, we hate to be giving the lye to Reverend Men of the long Robe, in crying not guilty, my Lord.

Mer. Invent, invent then! What is't we muſt do?

Hon. Can you Dance all of you? The place is convenient here within the Piazza.

Much. We can do ſomething like it, moſt of us.

Roſe. I wiſh we had but a Bell then; we would wake all the People of the Piazza, and ſhew e'm by our mirth, the difference between Living as we do, and dying; that is, Eating, Drinking, Sleeping, and Melancholy moving to no purpoſe, as they do.

Mer. We ſhall but loſe time in looking for a Bell-man, and I have a Trumpet here will make a greater noiſe; I carry it alwayes with me, to ſound at ſome particular Healths.

Hon. That will do much better, the rarity of it will beget more attention.

Mer. Come then, a Levite; my Man here has a Speech to go round with: I uſe it at my Friends Windows as I Ramble to my Lodgings a Mornings. [*A Levite ſounded.* Come, I'le ſpeak it firſt at this Corner my ſelf, and then he ſhall about with it, whilſt we fall to our Dance.

GRave ſober Sots riſe from your Beds,
And juſt thruſt out your Logger-heads,
With Eyes half ſhut, and ſenſes dull'd
You'l ſee a little how you're gull'd,

And kept from pleaſures of the Dark,
By precepts wiſe of Lamb and Lark.
But learn by us your Lives to mend,
For Life is ſhort, and time will end:
And when you're dead, for what you do,
Your merry Heirs will laugh at you.

Morrow Mr. *Scrape*, Morrow Mrs. *Scrape*, Morrow Mr. *Save-all*, Morrow my Lord *Sober*, Morrow my Lady Penſive, Morrow Mr. *Catch-good*: Morrow, you Sleepers all, good Morrow.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Stand upon your Guard, Gentlemen, the Conſtable and Watch are coming.

Mer. Let e'm come, I have a ſure way to keep ſuch Dogs from Barking, as can be; if our party be two ſtrong, they flye off courſe; but if not, I take him by the hand, and cry good Mr. Conſtable don't you know me? Strait with the help of their horns they peep in my face, whilſt he has time to conſider that he is richer by half a Crown then he was; then, as in an extaſie of Joy, he crys, ha, Sir, is it you? Will your have any of my Watch wait on you? Which I denying, we part with as many farewells, and good wiſhes to one another, as if we had tumbl'd together in one Belly, though it may be we ne're ſaw one anothers faces before.

Enter Conſtable and Watch.

Conſt. Stand, who goes there?

Mer. No body.

Conſt. What, are all you no body?

Mer. I ſay, no body goeth here, for we are all ſtanding.

Conſt. You are merry Gentlemen, but I ſhall alter your humour preſently; come before the Conſtable one of you, keep the Peace in the Kings Name, keep the Peace, I am his Majeſties Conſtable. Oh, I ſhall be kill'd, I am a dead Man: Oh, my Wife and Children: I'le have you all hang'd if I be kill'd: I ſay, keep the Peace; in the King's Name, keep the Peace. *They all advance with their ſwords drawn, and away run the Watch.*

Mer. What, Mr. *Laſt*, is't you?

Conſt. Ay, an't pleaſe your Worſhip, your Worſhips own Shoomaker;

maker; good Sir, don't uſe me ill, your Worſhips ſhooes are ready for you.

Town. Uſe thee ill! What, my man of mid-night! Do'ſt think we'l uſe thee ill? How does thy Wife and Daughter *Joan*? they are pretty Rogues both.

Conſt. Ay, Mr. *Townlove*, you are pleas'd to ſay ſo, but 'tis your goodneſs more then their deſert truly; though indeed they alwayes talk of your Worſhip, and are near falling out ſometimes about you, in arguing which loves you beſt, but I to keep the Peace part them, and take my Daughters part, becauſe poor thing! My Wife is her Mother in Law, I hope your Worſhip will not be angry at it ——

Town. No, no, Mr. Conſtable, by any means keep the Kings Peace within doors, it will keep it ſelf without.

Mer. Come, Mr. *Laſt*, how many Priſoners have you that are not able to pay Ranſom? I am reſolved to Act the Juſtice, and ſet all at Liberty after due Examination.

Conſt. Why truly, Sir, we have only took four Gentlewomen, which we were carrying to the Round-houſe; I'le make the Watch bring e'm before your Worſhip —— Bring the Priſoners.

Enter Watch with four Priſoners.

Mer. Come, Madam, turn up your head, and let's ſee your face very well! What is your employment?

Town. Prethee *Merry*, be not impertiennt, what ſhould a pretty Womans employment be? Let me ſpeak to her; Come, Madam! fear nothing if you tell Truth: Are you a Park, Play-Houſe, or Street-plyer? Do you Live upon Induſtry, or are you kept?

1. *Wom.* I am kept, Sir.

Town. What makes you out at this time of Night?
This may be my own caſe. [*Aſide.*

1. *Wom.* I am kept by one that allows me but forty ſhillings a week, and makes at leaſt ten Guinneys of me; for he bargain'd I ſhould admit any Friend of his, and he brings almoſt every day a new one, and ſometimes two or three, with whom he keeps ſo good Intelligence, that whatſoever they give me, I can never ſink a ſingle ſhilling for Coach-hire; he ſometimes lets me out too, as it happen'd this Night, to a Country Parſon, whoſe Land-lady ſuſpecting the matter, and Jealous of loſing any thing her ſelf, turn'd me out

of doors without a penny of Money, ſo I fell into the Watches hands, and I hope, ſince you ſeem a civil Gentleman, you will redeem me, for it will be very injurious to my Honour to go to the Round-houſe.

Town. Thy Honour ſhall be as ſafe as a Thief in a Mill, ne're fear it; Come, Madam! Your Quality.

2. *Whore.* My buſineſs lyeth altogether in the City, Sir; for I find them the beſt Cuſtomers.

Mer. But how ſtruck you into that Trade?

2. *Who.* Truly, by meer chance, Sir; for ſitting one day in Maſque at the Play-houſe, in the middle Gallery, ſome Clerks began to talk wildly to me, till an Ancient, Grave Man, who proved ſince to be a Packer to Merchants, rebuk'd them, and ſaid, their Diſcourſe was ſinful; then giving me a tread on the Toe, and a pinch on my Arm, went out; I follow'd him, hoping he'd prove lucky, and ſo he did, for beſides his own bounty, he hath brought me acquainted with ſo many Rich Citizens, that I have more work then I can turn to, though I confeſs they being moſt Old, I have diſpatch'd half a ſcore ſometimes in a day.

Mer. But after your abundance of Trading at that, how came you to this end of the Town?

2. *Who.* Truly, Sir, I Love a Young Gentleman that I keep, whom I came to ſee, and having given him all the money I had, I was going back to turn the penny.

Town. A very honeſt, induſtrious Woman this, ſhe ſhall have no harm: Come, let's ſee, what's your buſineſs?

3. *Who.* You ſha'not ſee my Face, I'le go to Priſon ſooner:

Conſt. Ay, ay, ſhe's a ſtubborn Jade, and call'd me Cuckold.

3. *Who.* And ſo you are one, to uſe poor Women thus: Mr. *Town-love*, let me ſpeak with you —— 'Tis I ——

Town. Truly, Mr. *Laſt*, I think ſhe ſpeaks to the purpoſe in calling of you Cuckold, for this uſage ſhe ſhall not ſhew her Face. *Will Merry*, 'tis his Wife.

Mer. The Devil 'tis; 'twas lucky then we met, or how would ſhe have got off.

Town. She'd have ſaid it was to watch his haunts ſhe came abroad, or ſome ſuch thing —— ſhe would have tam'd him quickly, for 'tis

a

a very Devil of her Tongue, and Cuckolds him almoſt before his Face.

Mer. Well, who are you?

4. *Wom.* A very good Gentlewoman both born and bred; I am a Presbyterian Miniſters Daughter.

Mer. A ſubſtantial Title to Gentility, who will ſay after this the Crown is the Fountain of Honour, when they that pull'd it down can make Gentlewomen.

Town. 'Tis poſſible her own Employment doth more entitle her to it, therefore let's know that.

4. *Wom.* Sir, I have had a great mind to be a Player, and have offer'd my ſelf to both Houſes, and truly moſt of the ſharers have had me ſeverally at their Chambers to try me, and they all ſay, I do very well; but 'tis the Envy of the Women already there, that fearing I ſhould out-do e'm, keep me out, as I was told by two or three of the hired men of the Duke's Houſe, with whom I have been to Night, and ſpent all my money, but I do not doubt to find Friends to bring it about, for there are two or three Perſons of Quality have undertaken it.

Mer. Nay, then there's no fear of ſucceeding.

4. *Wom.* No, I hope not; alas, I deſire little or nothing for my pains, I would only ſhew my ſelf on the Stage, and then, perhaps, I may get a good Husband, or at leaſt, ſome Fool that will keep me.

Mer. Honeſt good Women all; and are not you hard-hearted to diſturb the Lawful endeavours of ſuch well-minded People, Mr. Conſtable —— Well, there are Reſolutions taken by ſome Gentlemen of my Acquaintance to make you keep cloſer to your Lawful buſineſs —— which is indeed to cry Fire, prevent Houſe-breaking, and ſnore on Stalls according to your primitive inſtitution, and not to ſet to Ranſom, or Impriſon People induſtriouſly improving the two great works of Whoring and Drinking. War is declar'd, and ſhall be carry'd on againſt all the Obſtructions of Trade, as you ſhall hear in a Song lately publiſh'd, in which all muſt bear their parts.

Song.

Song.

1. *THe Trade of Wine is much decay'd of late;*
The Vintners complain, and the Customs abate,
For Pickaroon Bill-man in every Street,
Like Capers make prize of all Traders they meet.
2. *Come then, 'tis time to scowr alongst the Coast;*
To re-take good Fellows, who else may be lost:
'Tis Lawful those Foes to invade,
Who rob us of Honour, and hinder our Trade;
And a damn'd Zealous Constable 'midst of his Watch-men
Does Trading more harm, then a Squadron of Dutch-men;
1. *Weigh Anchor then, and hoist up Sail;*
Nore and by West it blows a merry Gale.
2. *The Glass is run, ho, star-board, Watch, turn out;*
Heark, did you hear, that Gun was from a Scout.
Run to the top,
3. *Hey Boys, I see a Fleet,*
They bear hard up to us; we quickly shall meet.
1. *All hands to prayers, and make ready to fight,*
2. *You need not, their Flags are all white;*
That Colour denotes them for Wine or a Wench;
All Half-shirts are for us, as sure as the French.
They hale our Scouts, me-thinks I hear e'm call,
1. *whence your Fleet?*
3. *From* White-Hall.
1. *Whence your Fleet?*
3. *From* White-hall.
1. *We are Friends to e'm, then cry, Huzza.*
2. *Once again, Huzza.*
1. *And again, Huzza.*
3. *They are Friends to us, then cry, Huzza.*
3. *Once again, Huzza.*
3. *Once again, Huzza.*
4. *And again, Huzza, huzza, huzza.*

Now

Now we are all met, let's draw into a Line;
Charge every man his Glass of Wine,
'Tis our Royal high Admirals Health,
Whilst we drink all Night,
He does Hero-like Fight,
To rescue the Kingdoms Honour and Wealth.
Let Trumpets sound, and all at once give Fire,
If the Enemy comes, we'l soon make e'm Retire.
1. *Let's Charge them again, for a Health to the King.*
2. *They come, they come, their Bell-man does Ring.*
3. *Their Caps, Staves, and Lanthorns I spie,*
They've horns in their Flags, and they bear e'm on high.
4. *Fall on then, fall on, tantarara, &c.*
1. *They flye, they flye.*
2. *Then give a Broad-side, and cry,* Vive le Roy, Vive le Roy.
2. *Give the Broad-side,* &c.

Town. Now these four Gentlewomen will make our Dance the better. [*Dance.*

Mer. Come, to every Lady a Link and a Watch-man for safe-guard to their Lodgings.

3. *Wom.* Except me, Sir, mine is not far off.

Mer. 'Tis true, you shall only have one of my Links; Mr. Constable, no more Pris'ners to Night, as you tender my good Grace; and there's a Crown to Drink.

Const. We'l know no other Justice hereafter but you, Sir.

Mer. Now every one to their several abidings, and we for the *Rose*, sound a Charge, and let's assault the place. [*Exeunt omnes.*

The

The Third Act.

The Scene a Tavern.

Enter Ruffle, Breef, Fullam, *and Drawer.*

Ruff. COme, come, Sir, theſe are no Jeſting matters, I'le not be cheated of all my Money thus.

Ful. How do you mean cheated, Mr. *Ruffle?*

Ruff. How do I mean? Did I not find a Dye with all Sinks, and others of the like Nature?

Ful. I love you for that, I'faith, Mr. *Ruffle*, I hope you don't take me for a Cully.

Ruff. Nor ſhall you make me one, if I can help it, and therefore, ſay, was there not ſuch Dice here? we'l find afterwards who brought e'm in.

Ful. I ſaw no ſuch Dice, not I.

Breef. Nor I, I'le aſſure you.

Ruff. Hey day, here's fine Rogues; Drawer, did not you ſee the Dice I ſpeak of?

Draw. No, Sir, not I; 'tis true, I heard you ſay ſome ſuch thing, but I could not believe Gentlemen would put falſe Dice upon one another.

Ruff. No, but Cheats will.

Ful. How do you mean, Sir, I ſay? Cheat again! war the third time, Mr. *Ruffle.*

Ruff. I ſay, this Gentleman and I are Cheated, and by you, that's plain, and if he'le be rul'd by me, you ſhan'not carry it off ſo.

Ful. I can endure no longer: Come, come, come, draw, draw, Sir, for I will have ſatisfaction for this abuſe.

Draw. I'le bear no witneſs. [*Exit Draw.*

Ruff. Are

Ruff. Are you for that ſport? We'le ſwinge you: Do you think to carry it off ſo? This is brave i'faith. Firſt, Cheated, and then Hector'd; Suffer this, and ſuffer all. Come, Sir, why don't you prepare? Do you ſee how he braves us? [*To* Breef.

All this while he haſtes about, throws his Hat away, pulls off his Perriwig, and ſeems to be preparing to fight.

Breef. What do you mean, Sir?

Ruff. Wee'l beat him, take our money again, and then have him toſt in a Blanket.

Breef. I ſhall not ſtain my Honour in being two againſt one.

Ruff. I am croſs bit I ſee. [*Aſide.* Nay, I can as well ſpare what I loſt, as you can yours, and it ſhall ne're be ſaid, I fought to recover anothers money, that would do nothing for it himſelf; give me your hand, Mr. *Fullam*, I am very glad 'twas your Fortune to get it, ſince it is mine to loſe it.

Full. This is but trivial ſatisfaction, Sir, for the abuſes you have put upon me.

Ruff. Hang't, Man, Paſſion, meer Paſſion; give loſers leave to ſpeak, I wou'd take twice as much for half the money, and I think I value my Honour as much as another (if I can but get off with Credit now.) [*Aſide.*

Ful. Well, Sir, I think you ſpeak Reaſon, therefore, pay the Reckoning, and we are Friends.

Ruff. How do you mean, Mr. *Fullam?* Have not you got all the money?

Ful. And will keep it, Sir; therefore reſolve to pay the Reckoning, or ——

Ruff. Plague on't, I ne're value three or four pounds; and it may be thou haſt particular occaſion for this ſum of money at preſent, then we'l ne're ſtand upon ſmall matters, I'le do't. But for you, Sir, I'le talk with you for your Highs and Lows. [*Aſide.*

Breef. Very pretty, i'faith, a well fram'd Dialogue: Good Mr. *Ruffle*, 'tis too plain; do you think your counterfeit Quarrels ſhall carry it off ſo? I ſhall ſtand by, and ſee my ſelf cheated of my money, and take it kindly I have loſt it, becauſe you can Rally one another.

Ful. What do you mean by this, Sir?

Breef. Sir, you are a ſtranger to me, and I can't blame you for what you have done; but to be ſet and bubled by Mr. *Ruffle*, on pretence of Friendſhip, is unſufferable.

Ruff. What the Devil, is not one kicking enough for you in one Night? Muſt I be bound to wear out my ſhooes upon you?

Breef. Come, come, Sir, I know when to take a kicking, and when not. I bore with it then, in hopes you would have ſo managed the Dice I lent you, as to have won money for me, but on the contrary, you plac'd e'm upon our ſelves: therefore, Sir, refund, refund, I'le not loſe a groat of the money I loſt.

Ruff. But ſure you don't hope to carry it off ſo: Have I any of your money?

Breef. But your Friend hath for your uſe, and I'le look no further then your ſelf for it; therefore, my money, or Draw.

Ful. 'Fore Heav'n this is pretty; then it ſeems you both deſign'd upon me.

Breef. Come, Sir, will you repay me?

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Mr. *Ruffle*, here is a great many Gentlemen with Fiddles, hearing you were here, are reſov'd to come up to you.

Ruff. What ſhall I do? Gentlemen, ſtep into another Room, I'le come and give you full ſatisfaction preſently.

Breef. Well, Sir, I am content to wait a little. [*Ex. all but* Ruff.

Ruff. The Devils in my luck, I never get a little Reputation by beating a Man, but preſently ſome body or other huffs me out of it again, and then all my Honour flyes in Fumo. 'Tis true, I am a Coward, but no body need e're a known it but my ſelf, if I had not a fooliſh deſire to be thought valiant, and ſo muſt ſtill be picking Quarrels with all I think like my ſelf. And I gad, 'tis not once in twenty times, but I miſs my Man and get a beating.

Enter Merry, Townlove, Raſh, Muchland, Honour, Roſe, *and Fiddles.*

Mer. What, *Ruffle* alone in a Tavern at four in a Morning, that's a thing I ne're was guilty of.

Raſh. Come, come, Table and Chairs.

Ruff. Faith, *Will Merry*, to tell thee the truth, I have been bubling

bubling a couple of Culleys to Night, and the poor things having loſt all their money are ſtaying for more in another Room.

Mer. Faith, that doth not uſe to be thy way, for I have known thee oftner a Bublee then a Bubler.

Ruff. That's true, but when I grant out my Letters of Mart to my Highs and Lows, there's no Man ſooner takes in repriſal then I; and I'faith, they have been all at work to Night.

Mer. What have you won?

Ruff. Let me ſee; fifty Guinneys, three pounds in ſilver, and twenty Guinneys more they borrowed of the Maſter of the Houſe.

Mer. And did they not ſmoak you, as their term is?

Ruff. Yes, a little; but one of e'm beginning to prate, I kickt him ſoundly.

Mer. Thou Boy; now I believe nothing of the whole matter: Thou venture to kick a Man, 'tis impoſſible.

Ruff. Why, this 'tis, becauſe I am a little compliſant ſometimes, and put up injuries from Gentlemen, therefore, you, it ſeems, have mean thoughts of me, but you ſhall hear; come hither, *Stephen.*

Draw. Your pleaſure, Sir.

Ruff. Did not you ſee me kick a Gentleman ſoundly to Night for talking to me of Cheating?

Draw. Yes, Sir, I'le aſſure you, I was afraid you would hurt him.

Ruff. And was not there twenty Guinneys borrowed of your Maſter?

Draw. Yes, Sir; and five of me.

Ruff. That's true (go thy ways) law you now, I had forgot that five Guinneys.

Mer. Miracles, Miracles, Miracles, give us Wine there; Miracles are not ceaſt: Here's a Health to *Ruffle*'s Converſion, *Townlove*; thou ſhalt pledge this, if thou never drink'ſt more.

[*All this while* Ruffle *ſtruts about.*

Town. Faith, Sir, you muſt pardon me, if I don't know ſome great cauſe for it.

Mer. Thy Ear.

Ruff. Come, Gentlemen, you know he is a merry Man every way, let him have his frolick: La, la, la, la, la, Sir, my Service to you, *Will Merry*'s Health.

Hon. Sir, I drink no Wine.

Ruff. Damme, not pledge me, Sir, 'fore Heav'n but you muſt, or I ſhall throw it in your face.

Much. Good Sir, be not rude, the Gentleman has our word to excuſe him.

Ruff. If he hath your word, let him paſs it. la, la, la, la.

Hon. Sir, I commend it to you.

Raſh. I never drink by Commendations, Sir.

Ruff. Well done, Boy; here's another milk-ſop: What, can't he drink neither?

Roſe. Yes, Sir, or any thing elſe with you that you dare.

Ruff. 'Fore Heav'n a Lad of mettle; give me thy hand: Here's a health to all that dare, and a fig for men that dare not do any thing.

Roſe. Sir, I'le pledge it.

Mer. Some Wine, there; give every one of the Muſick a glaſs in his hand

Town. Mr. *Ruffle*, I congratulate the change, and if I have any intereſt in my Lady *Turnup*, ſhe ſhall be yours, ſince the onely obſtacle is remov'd.

Ruff. Faith, Mr. *Townlove*, you ſee men will ſhew themſelves ſuch one time or other. 'Las, the ſtouteſt Bully Rock of e'm all ne're went to ſingle Rapier in ſwadling Cloaths, they had all a time to begin: La, la, la, la.

Mer. You are i'th' right, Mr. *Ruffle*; come, the Catch.

Song.

1. *BOy, bring a Glaſs without marks, to confine*
The Ebbs and the Floods of our Drinking;
Our Cups ſhall be heap'd with a full-tide of Wine,
Till our Tongues do ſpeak wit without thinking.

2. *We will with Wines, Ætherial fire,*
Like ſubtile Chymiſts, Bodies change;
That without words each mans deſire
Shall through the others fancy range.

Wine

1. *Wine ſhall waſh off our Earthly parts,*
And to new Creatures mold us;
2. *We'l take off our Bouls,*
Till we mingle our Souls,
And the World grows too little to hold us.
Chor. *We'l, &c.*
1. *All hands to work then, time ſlides away,*
Night chides our ſloath, and haſtens on the day;
2. *Then the Sun will bring heat*
For our Limbeck ſo high,
And make our Elixar in fumo to flye.

1. *Heark, do you hear, the Men cry Chimney ſweep;*
Fanatick Wives will now no longer ſleep;
Strange Dreams of Religion have wak'd e'm by this:
In heat of their zeal
They'l preſently rail
At every thing is, and is not amiſs.
2. *Be ſure if they ſee us, of Cuſtom they'l ſay,*
We turn Day into Night, and Night into Day;
1. *In this they are right;*
We'd turn Day into Night;
But they lye, if they ſay,
That we would e're wiſh to turn Night into Day.
Chor. *In this, &c.*

Mer. Bravely done, Boys; now to a little ſilent drinking: *Townlove*, you keep a good man from us. { *During the Catch* Townlove
Town. I'le releaſe him preſently. { *and* Roſe *talk together.*
Faith, Sir, you ſee I have open'd my heart to you, in hopes to make you my Friend, for there is ſomething in your face pleaſes me extremely.

Roſe. I am oblig'd to you by it, and ſhall as much ſeek to deſerve it; but me-thinks three hundred pounds a year is conſiderable to allow you Miſtreſs, if you pay it conſtantly.

Town. I never fail you may be ſure, whoſoever ſtays, ſhe muſt not. A dun between a pair of Sheets makes a man more impotent

then

then a Witches tying of a Countrey Fellows Cod-piece-point.

Roſe. Well, Sir, for my own part, I never underſtood the pleaſure of keeping Miſſes, I'm for other mens, if for any.

Town. I believe your Friend is not of your mind; he, I perceive by his refuſing to drink, is for his Miſs; can you let me know who ſhe is?

Roſe. Truly, Sir, I know of none he hath, he's Young, and rather talks of Marriage then Miſſes.

Town. Why, there's the miſchief on't; he's new come from the Univerſity, or I'le be hang'd; there's more of our hopeful Youth ſpoil'd by Schools and Univerſities then is imaginable; they learn nothing but to tread the dull paths of our Fore-Fathers, to bury themſelves alive in Marriage-Beds, to ariſe Monſters with huge Horns on their heads; if you have any kindneſs for him reclaim him from ſuch a deſign.

Roſe. I have us'd my endeavours, and find him a little inclining to be kind to one *Roſe*, that waits on Mr. *Machland*'s Siſter.

Town. Gad, Sir, I had rather he had a mind to be kind, as you call it, to my Siſter, and ſooner ſhould forgive him for it

Roſe. Why, Sir, what is ſhe to you?

Town. She's one I have a mind to, and am reſolv'd if three hundred pounds a Year will tempt her, ſhe ſhall be mine; provided, he, nor no other ſmock-fac'd Fellow hath been Quarter'd upon her afore hand.

Roſe. How'l you know that, if it is ſo?

Town. P'ſhaw, we're ask queſtions of an Old Gameſter; and I'm reſolv'd, ſince my preſent Miſs is to be married, I'le purſue my deſign upon *Roſe*, to prevent yon ſmock-fac'd Fellow, of whom I have dreadful apprehenſions.

Roſe. Well, Sir, trouble not your ſelf, I'le take care he ſhall remove his Siege.

Mer. Townlove, thou think'ſt we have nothing elſe to do but to talk; releaſe our man there, that you have taken Priſoner by the Ears.

Town. Well, take him, but 'tis a thouſand pities he ſhould be ſpoyled by you.

Roſ. I'le warrant you, Sir, I am paſt their ſpoyling.

Town. Gen-

Town. Gentlemen, I have perform'd my word with you; and ſo farewell. [*Exit* Town.

Mer. Farewell; you have return'd us a better man for our preſent purpoſe.

Raſh. Sir, you're in a rear, and ſince you allow drinking to be your profeſſion, you muſt balance Accounts, and pay down what you owe.

Roſe. I'le aſſure you, Sir, I am but juſt begun to be a profeſſor in the Myſtery, therefore, if you call for Debs too ſoon, you'l break me, and I ſhall ne're be able to follow the Trade, then let's now go on, I'le run in a rear no further, and the next time I meet you I'le balance Accounts.

Much. Come, the Gentleman ſaith well, 'tis not our bus'neſs to be drunk, but to be merry; therefore, let's not break Methods at the preſent for any thing paſt.

Raſh. But, Mr. *Muchland*, by your leave I deſire no man to be a ſober obſerver of my drunken behaviour, therefore, if he and his Friend will not drink equally, I ſhould be glad of their rooms.

Hon. Sir, as I take it, it was your own fault you had our Companies, and the terms we met on were agreed to before.

Raſh. Not by me, I'm ſure.

Ruff. Nor by me, therefore if you won't drink, turn out of the Company.

Much. Sir, I muſt tell you this is rude, and no wayes becoming a Gentleman.

Ruff. How, Sir, what's that, Rude? La, la, la.

Raſh. 'Tis ſtrange to ſee how men can ſee others faults, and be blind to their own; you tell Mr. *Ruffle* he's Rude for ſpeaking in his own Room, into which you intrude to controul him.

Ruff. Alas, alas, the Gentleman's lately come out of the Countrey, he doth not underſtand good breeding; la, la, la, poor thing.

Much. Mr. *Raſh*, I can take more from you; but ——

Raſh. But what; out with it, I'm your man, ne're look at him, and I muſt again tell you, that I believe you want good manners ſo to controul; here I ſay, theſe Gentlemen ſhall drink, or quit the Room.

Hon. And

Hon. And will, Sir, no fear; we do not at all hold our selves oblig'd by Quarrelsom Company: Drawer, what's to pay?

Mer. Gentlemen, nothing for you; I am sorry to have engaged you thus inconveniently, I'le assure you 'tis rare for me to see these things, especially amongst Friends.

Hon. We thank you, Sir, and all others from whom we have received Civility. [*Exeunt* Hon. *and* Rose.

Ruff. Damme, what's that, Civility? They deserve to be kickt.

Much. What, by you?

Rash. I, by him; and 'tis not you can hinder it.

Ruff. No, by Heav'ns is it not, nor two such, dear heart.

Much. Sir, if I should tell you you lye, I'm afraid Mr. *Rash* would call me rude, but I cannot forbear thinking so.

Rash. Sir, you provoke me to tell you, you're fit Company for Dogs and Horses, and not for men, except 'tis your own Grooms, or'e whom you had best go and domineer in the Countrey.

Much. Sir, you know my Obligations, or else ——

Rash. Or else what?

Ruff. Or else what? Poor thing: Or else what prethee? La, la, la.

Much. Or else that. [*Throws a Pipe at him.*

Ruff. Damme, Blood, that; death and wounds, let me alone, nothing shall save him. [*Would draw, but is held.*

Mer. Gad, Sir, be as Valiant as you will, I'le swinge you if you be not quiet.

Rash. Mr. *Ruffle*, the affront was meant to me; be quiet, Sir, we desire no Quarrels here, and therefore you or I will quit the Room. [*Walks to and again in a great Rage.*

Much. You pretend a right to it by the interest of your huffing Friend, therefore I'le quit it,
And the World too, rather then take this. [*Aside.*] [*Exit.*

Mer. —— Sir, I'le see you at Home presently.
Mr. *Ruffle*, have you no body to Exercise your setting out towards Valour upon but my Friends?

Ruff. Friend me no Friends, I know no Friends in point of Honour, that's it I'le stick to.

Mer. Then I must tell you, Sir, you and I must not part before

I carry my Friend ſatisfaction in your Blood, or loſe my own.

Ruff. *Will Merry*, thou pretend'ſt to be a man of Honour, and place theſe things upon me, 'tis very well, I'faith, thou think'ſt now that I am not Valiant, and therefore pick'ſt a Quarrel, but it ſhannot paſs, no, it ſhannot, for do what thou wilt, I will not fight with thee.

Mer. Then thou art a Coward ſtill, as rank a one as ever, and I loſe time to talk to thee.

Ruff. Ay, think ſo, do; I a Coward, 'tis likely, dear heart.

Mer. Mr. *Raſh*, I hope to ſee you and Mr. *Muchland* Friends ſoon.

Raſh. I ſhall take little thought about it, ſo let's part; Good Morrow, Mr. *Ruffle*.

Ruff. I, good Morrow; Huff me —— Good Morrow, Mr. *Merry*, la, la, la, huff me. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene a Chamber.

Enter Roſe *in Man's Cloaths*, Honour *in a Night-Gown.*

Hon. Ne're tell me on't, I'm confident ſome unlucky thing will happen, for I ne're perceiv'd my Brother more angry in my Life; I wiſh we had not gone.

Roſe. I am rather glad we were there; for, knowing of the Quarrel, we can take care to prevent the effects of it.

Hon. But we were the occaſions of it, you know.

Roſe. Faith, Madam, I think not, for Mr. *Raſh* was in ſuch a Quarrelſom humour, and that vapouring Gentleman did ſo puſh it on, that I am confident had not we been there the ſame thing would have hapned.

One Knocks.

How. Who's there?

Much. within. Siſter, I would ſpeak with you.

Hon. Immediately. 'Tis my Brother, what ſhall we do?

Roſe. I'le ſtept into the Cloſet, and hearken, and then go down the back-ſtairs. [*Exit* Roſe.

[Honour *opens the Door.*

Enter Muchland.

Much. Siſter, ſince I left you, I have had more cauſe to conſider the conſequence of your marrying Mr. *Merry* then ever I had before, therefore I deſire to know what thoughts you have of him.

Hon. Truly, Brother, I cannot pretend an averſion to a Gentleman you commanded me to favour as your Friend, and one you deſign'd I ſhould marry, though further I am no wayes engag'd.

Much. I am glad to ſee your indifferency, for by this morning's work I find you can no wayes hope for that happineſs I once thought you might expect in being his; the Company he keeps is bad, and the conſequences will attend it muſt be worſe, therefore admit of no further addreſſes from him, which the better to prevent, you ſhall towards *York-ſhire* to morrow.

Hon. To morrow, Sir?

Roſe. If ſo, 'tis time for me to beſtir my ſelf. [*Aſide.*] [*Exit.*

Much. I, Siſter, 'twill ſave you ſome bluſhes for ſo abrupt a breaking with him, and I have hopes to live to give you full ſatisfaction for this change, and to beſtow you on one may more deſerve you.

Hon. The manner of your Diſcourſe doth much ſurprize me, and ſeems very myſterious; I hope there is no cauſe thoſe hopes you ſpeak of ſhould prove doubtful ones.

Much. Siſter, I cannot tell, but I deſire, let things go how they will, that you'd prepare your ſelf for all may happen.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, a Gentleman without deſires to ſpeak with you.

Much. Admit him in. [*Enter* Roſe.

Roſe. Sir, your Noble proceedings in ſo Generouſly defending ſtrangers hath bound me for ever to your Service. And fearing leſt your Generoſity hath too far engag'd you in our behalfs, I am come to offer you the aſſiſtance of my Sword, thinking I ſhould but ill become the wearing it, if any other ſhould be drawn, and not it in my own Quarrel.

Much. Sir, you are truly Noble, and I have juſt occaſion to give

thanks to that unlucky Accident, ſince it produced me the Acquaintance of ſo worthy a Perſon.

Roſe. Sir, your own demeanour is enough to inſpire worth into a Perſon that Naturally wants it, and if I have any, I ſhall impute it to the Example I received this day from you; but to avoyd Complements, of which I am a bad returner, I beg you would employ me.

Much. Sir, if I do, it ſhall be in an Office in which there ſhall on your part, be no hazzard: Siſter, I deſire you would entertain this Gentleman, whilſt I ſtep into your Cloſet to write a Letter.

Roſe. Madam, you can no wayes believe the great Obligations I have received this day from your Noble Brother. [*In a high voyce.* But, Madam, not to loſe time, I will ſo mix my ſelf amongſt them, it ſhall be impoſſible, but I'le prevent all miſchief. [*Low.*

Hon. I, but the Countrey, and to leave Mr. *Merry*, *Roſe*, I am grown deſperate with the thoughts of it.

Roſe. Prepare your ſelf to go abroad, and leave the reſt to me. [*In a ſmall voyce.* Madam, I dare aſſure your Lady-ſhip 'tis no ſuch matter; and upon my Honour, there is no man in the World ſhall be more careful of Mr. *Muchland*'s ſafety, then my ſelf. [*In a high tone.*

Hon. You ſeem a Gentleman to be rely'd on. [*Aloud.* But, *Roſe*, if Mr. *Merry* ſhould be concern'd in the Quarrel after our leaving them, what then?

Roſe. I'le warrant you, Madam, as I'le contrive the matter, he ſhall be better Friends with Mr. *Merry*, then ever. [*Low.* For truly, Madam, I obſerv'd nothing but a little heat about mine, and my Friends Intrution, that was all; and —— [*Aloud.*

Enter Muchland *with a Letter.*

Much. Sir, I deſire you to deliver this Paper for me where 'tis directed; I beg your pardon for it's being Seal'd, ſince it is rather to rectifie ſome miſtakes between that Gentleman and I, then to purſue them further, though, I confeſs, if he continues his reſentments, I had rather you were witneſs of them then any other Perſon wholly a ſtranger to their firſt beginnings.

Roſe. Sir, I am proud that you are pleas'd to employ me any way: Your Lady-ſhips Servant. [*Exit* Roſe.

Hon. But dear Brother, let me beg you, if any thing hath happened between Mr. *Merry* and you, that cauſes this ſuddain avertion, let me know it, that I may with Juſtice root out of my mind that little eſteem your Friendſhip to him, and his merit hath planted there.

Much. There is nothing, upon my word, Siſter, but my conſideration of this happineſs hath begot the change I have expreſt.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, here is a Letter, a Porter brought, he ſaith, from the *Roſe* Tavern.

Muchland *Reades.*

SIR,

THE Injuries I received from you are unſupportable, nor can a man of Honour, as I profeſs, and ſhall ever teſtifie my ſelf to be, put them up; therefore, I deſire you would meet me ſingly with your Sword in your hand, at the lower ſide of Hide-Park, *at ſix this morning, where I doubt not to make you know what it is to Injure the Valiant, and place abuſes upon the Worthy, in the firſt Rank of which I ſhall alwayes be ambitious, to have the Name ſubſcribed of*

Ruffle.

'Tis dam'd unlucky this, I wiſh I had not ſent my Letter to be Challenged to the ſame place whither I deſir'd Mr. *Sharp* to come; but ſtay, ſix of the Clock, this is an hour ſooner then I appointed, that's well; for if I be kill'd by this firſt, I ſhall dye the more contentedly, in not having fought my Miſtreſſes Brother, and if I ſurvive, I ſhall be in a condition to make good my word to him. Siſter, prepare for your Journey, and if you have any kindneſs for your ſelf, think not on Mr. *Merry.* [*Exit.*

Hon. Not think of him, that's impoſſible; ſhould my Father's Soul riſe from the Grave, and bid me to forget him, I could not do it. No, Brother, his worth hath placed him here too faſt to be by ſmall diſlikes of yours remov'd. [*Exit.*

The

The Scene a Tavern.

Enter Ruffle, Fulham, *and* Breef.

Ruff. Gentlemen, you have had your deſign upon me, what wou'd you more? We all know one another too. I believe that is not to place approbrious Names upon our own Qualities. I take you two to be men that will live, if Dice and Cards will do it; and I am confident you take me to be one that have no mind to leave a thouſand pounds a Year before I muſt needs, and therefore are ſomething backwards in fighting matters.

Ful. To ſpeak the truth, Mr. *Ruffle*, I believe you.

Breef. And I.

Ruff. Now I dare ſwear, if you would confeſs, there's neither of you love fighting any more then I do.

Ful. I'le aſſure you, Sir, my Reputation was never queſtion'd.

Ruff. That I believe, for like the ſubtle Squirrel, you fore-ſee where the Wind will be, and change your Neſt accordingly; but I have a plaguy damn'd humour of deſiring to be thought Valiant, which makes me provoke the beatings, I elſe might go without.

Breef. Then you deſerve them, Mr. *Ruffle*; but I am ſo wiſe, never to regard a beating I get by.

Ruff. Well, Gentlemen, to continue the good correſpondence our mutual knowing one another hath begun, I have a buſineſs to employ you in, which you effecting dextrouſly, will deſerve I ſhould make the ſum you have got from me already, a compleat hundred pounds.

Ful. Name it, Mr. *Ruffle.*

Breef. And doubt us not.

Ruff. I have ſent a Challenge to Mr. *Muahland*, who, I fear, will meet me: Now, if you two will watch him into the Field.

Ful. And kill him for you, you'l give us twenty pounds.

Breef. A very modeſt requeſt to begin Friendſhip with.

Ful. Troth, Sir, I have no mind to ſing doleful Ditties through a ſlip knot, not I.

Breef. Nor

Breef. Nor have I any ambition to attain the Title of a proper Gentleman, as I Ride in Triumph on a two wheel'd Chariot.

Ful. No, Sir, as long as the Town is full of Gallants like you, that dare venture their thousands against our nothings, we shall not be so distrest, as to turn Bravoes.

Ruff. Gentlemen, you run on apace, but 'tis all upon a false scent; why, I ne're desir'd the Death of any Man in my Life, and wonder at those they call Men of true Honour, that make no more of killing a Man for refusing a Health, then I do to eat my Break-fast: Yet, since the Town praises these hare-brains as Men of worth, I have a huge ambition to be thought one of e'm, so I could but obtain it without the danger of my self or Antagonist.

Ful. Nay, if your design be bounded within the compass of human safety, I'm for you.

Breef. And ten pounds shall ne're be slighted by me, coming with the hazzard onely of a walk into the Fields.

Ruff. Then Gentlemen, as I said, dog him thither, and when we are both drawn, appear as taking his part against me, place it upon him, as if he had hir'd you; thus our Quarrel will end, and you shall have your money.

Breef. If this be all, come away, we're agreed, I warrant you.

Ruff. But carry it discreetly.

Ful. Ne're, ne're fear us; *alone, alone, alone,* come.

[*Exeunt.*

The Fourth Act.

Enter Rash *and* Betty.

Rash. Sister, I protest his behaviour was unsupportable, he took upon him, as if he had had a right to domineer o're the whole Company.

Betty. 'Tis

Betty. 'Tis ſtrange, I never obſerv'd his temper much to incline to Pride.

Raſh. Not before you, but theſe Country Gentlemen are ſo us'd to controul by the vertue of being Juſtices, that what with their poſitiveneſs on one ſide, and their want of Breeding on the other, a Man had as good keep Company with a Conſtable in midſt of his Bill-men, as with one of them.

Enter Roſe.

Roſe. Sir, I am come to wait on you, a thing I ſhould not have omitted on my own account, though I now am here but as a Meſſenger. [*Delivers him a Letter, which he reads.*

Madam, I beg your Ladyſhip's pardon for my interruption. Take that. [Roſe *gives her a Note privately.*

Betty. What ſhould this be? But I perceive it requires ſecreſie.

Raſh. Sir, I'le aſſure you for ſome reaſons, I had rather you had been the ſender then the bringer of this Letter, but however I ſhall perform it's Contents at the hour appointed.

Roſe. Sir, I hope I am concern'd more then barely as a Letter Carrier, and ſince I know the moſt material buſineſs of it, I deſire you would ſatisfie my further Curioſity, I yet believing it is intended I ſhould make one at the meeting.

Raſh. Not at all, I'le aſſure you, Sir.

Roſe. 'Tis ſtrange, but I ſhall inquire the cauſe of it elſewhere. Your Ladyſhips moſt humble Servant. [*Exeunt* Roſe *and* Raſh.

Betty. What Paper's this? (Reads) For *Mrs.* Elizabeth Raſh.

Opens it, and finds.

MAdam, the Letter I deliver'd your Brother contains a Challenge to meet a Gentleman in Hide Park this Morning at eight of the Clock, I confeſs I muſt needs appear Treacherous, as well for opening the Letter, as for betraying the buſineſs, but when you ſhall know the true motives that made me do both, I am confident you will not onely abſolve me, but allow a place in your eſteem for one who doth all he can to preſerve to you two friends; the loſs of either of which would be a perpetual trouble to you, and real grief to your unknown

Servant.

This requires care and Expedition to prevent, for the other Friend he

he means can be none but Mr. *Muchland*, I'le make a Viſit to his Siſter, and enquire out the matter. [*Exit.*

Scene the Street.

Enter Merry *at one Door, and* Roſe *at the other.*

Roſe. Sir, you are well met; I was going to your Lodging to look for you.

Mer. Troth, Sir, I am ſorry I am prevented the happineſs of meeting you there, we would have crackt a Bottle e're we had parted.

Roſe. It troubles me a little that I muſt tell you my buſineſs would ſcarce have provoked Drinking.

Mer. But, Sir, let your buſineſs have been what it would, we would have drunk upon it: For if't had been good, 'twould have deſerv'd a Bottle; and if bad, needed one; and I tell you, Sir, I never ſaw any thing yet in my Life could put me paſt conſideration of a Bottle.

Roſe. Sir, the pleaſantneſs of your temper, with your Civilities to me and my Friend, makes me ſorry to tell you I am a Meſſenger from a Gentleman, to invite you with your Friend into the Field at Nine this Morning, to meet him that ſent me, and my ſelf; I need not name on what ſcore.

Mer. No, no, 'tis to Fence for a Break-faſt of Honour, I gueſs the buſineſs well; let him be whom he will, he ſhall not fail of my Company, though I confeſs it ſeems very odd to be invited to a Banquet of Man's fleſh, without knowing a cauſe for the Treat. Pray Sir, the Name of this obliging Friend of mine.

Roſe. Muchland, Sir.

Mer. How! Marry now I find a kind of a Qualm coming over my ſtomack, which makes me wiſh I could be excus'd on any terms, leſs then loſs of Reputation; yet faith I can't believe but you miſtake your Man, for I was juſt going to his Lodging to take up a Quarrel I fear'd might proceed too far between him and another.

Roſe. No,

Roſe. No, Sir, if your Name be *Merry*, you are the Man. He imputes the miſ-underſtanding between his Miſtreſſes Brother and him, to the Ill Company you drew him into, and therefore is reſolv'd his Siſter ſhall into the Countrey from you to Morrow; and and he will have ſatisfaction for the injuries he receiv'd in the Tavern from none but your ſelf.

Mer. A Compendious cauſe for a Quarrel, and much as ſignificant as moſt Duels now a days are fought upon: He receives the abuſes from others, and requires ſatisfaction from me; S'death, he might as well have plac'd it on the Vintner for keeping the Houſe, the Link-Boys for lighting him to it; or indeed on his Horſe that brought him his laſt Journey to Town, this Capriciouſneſs of his Temper with his deſign to take from me my Miſtreſs makes me wiſh he was here to begin preſently. Where's the place he deſigns for this dilicate Trial of Skill?

Roſe. In Hide-Park, Sir.

Mer. Well, Sir, I ſhall bring a Friend that hath as much cauſe of malice to you as this Man of Punctillioes hath to me, and therefore if you have no more wit, you may fight too.

Roſe. Sir, I am not afraid to ſay I ſhall ſcarce be idle when I ſee you once engag'd. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene a Chamber.

Enter Townlove *and the Lady* Turnup *in Morning-Gowns.*

Turn. My dear *Townlove*, thou art the goodeſt Rogue for not Drinking, I could e'en bite thee to pieces for it. But faith I'le tell Mr. *Merry* on it ſoundly when I ſee him for keeping thee up all Night; come, prethee, ſhall we to Bed?

Town. I preſently; but firſt you ſhall ſing me the new *Scotch* Song.

Turn. No, prethee don't; I am ſo hoarſe with ſitting up for thee, that I ſhall never make any Muſick of it now, and I do ſo long to be in Bed, dear *Townlove* come, let's go.

Town. I must have my Song first, time enough for Bed, we'l not Rise till Dinner time, and that shan't be ready till three, that we may have time to go to the Play.

Turn. And will you stay with me after the Play, and engage with no Body?

Town. Come, my Song, and I won't.

Song.

1.

WIllie *was so blithe a Lad,*
Nene like was in the Town;
At Wake *and* Wassel Willie *had*
For Dancing chief Renown.

2.

He pick'd the Bar, and hurl'd a stean,
Nea Man wou'd him out-gang;
And if he strave with any ean,
He gard them lig alang.

3

But Willie *needs would Wedded be,*
He lik'd so weele a Lass
That bonny was, and full of glee,
And mickle all did pass.

4.

Yet Willie *was no sooner Wed,*
But he full sear did pine;
He cross'd his Arms, hang'd down his Head,
And still had watry Eyne.

5.

Ah, wea is me, would Willie *say,*
That I am thus forlorn;
I now can neither Dance nor Play,
Nor ought but wind a Horn.

6.

The Lads and Laſſes all do laugh,
And ſcorn me as I gang;
They do me all a Cuckold knowgh,
And gibe me with this Sang.

7.

Willie *ſoon muſt gang to work,*
Or Nonne *ſcodes him ſear;*
Maſs Johnne *e're he wends to Kirk*
Mun con a point we her.

8.

Then Jocky, Sawny, Hugh, *and* Kit,
Ralph, Wat, *and many mere,*
Gang when they pleaſe, and take a bit,
whilſt Willie *keeps the whore.*

Enter Maid.

Maid. Madam, here's Mr. *Ruffle* will not be ſatisfy'd without he can ſpeak with you; I told him you were aſleep, he ſaid, I muſt wake you, for it may be 'tis the laſt time he ſhall trouble you.

Turn. What doth the Coxcomb mean, to trouble me thus early? Tell him I value my Honour more, then to admit of a Man's Viſit at this time of Day; and ſay, I wonder at his Inſolence: Tell him any thing, rather then let him come up to diſturb my dear *Townlove* and I now. [*Exit Maid.*

Town. I'le hang'd if the Fool hath not run himſelf into ſome Quarrel laſt Night, and now comes to boaſt of his Valour; *will Merry* was talking ſomething of it to me, but I ſcarce regarded what I did not believe.

Turn. What a pox is his Valour to me?

Town. But his thouſand pounds a year is; don't ſlight that.

Turn. I, *Townlove*, you are weary of me, or elſe you would ne're put me upon Marrying that Fool.

Town. Don't you prove your ſelf a worſe, in refuſing ſuch a Fortune; you know my Eſtate is intail'd upon my Younger Brother, then ſhould I dye, what would you do for a maintenance? Beſides, can't I Viſit you then as I do now?

Turn. But will you, dear *Townlove?* [*Enter Maid.*

Maid. Madam, he will not be ſatisfied without ſeeing you; he ſaith, he had rather be ſo unhappy to dye in your diſpleaſure, then without taking his leave; I think he's mad, for he talks of nothing but Honour, Death, Victory, and the like. [*Exit Maid.*

Turn. Go, bring him up; *Townlove*, ſtep into the Cloſet, we'l ſee what his mighty concerns are. [*Exit* Townlove.

Enter Ruffle *and Maid; when he comes in, walks up and down, ſtamps, ſtarts, and buſtles.*

Turn. Mr. *Ruffle*, I'le aſſure you your proceedings, in forcing your ſelf thus into my Chamber, hath given me high diſſatisfaction; you uſe me like one of the common things of the Town, that admit of Viſits in their Beds; but I'le aſſure you I am none of thoſe: My Honour is dearer to me then my Life, and I'le not hazzard the loſs of my Reputation for the ſatisfaction of any Perſon Living.

Ruff. It can't be helpt, Madam, the Caſe is alter'd —— I am not the Man you think me —— no — The World's chang'd —— *Tempore Mutantur* ——

Turn. The World's chang'd indeed; you have not dar'd to uſe me in this ſlight manner formerly, therefore, good Sir, your bus'neſs quickly, that you may be gone, and never ſee my face more.

Ruff. There's it, you'l prove a true Propheteſs I fear; but hang't, 'tis no matter, a Man muſt dye, and as good at firſt as at laſt. Honour; I, there's it, to dye, and lye in the Bed of Honour; who would deſire more?

Turn. Good Sir, be careful of my Honour, and if your bus'neſs be only to diſturb me, I command your ſpeedy abſence.

Ruff. Command your Maids abſence, I ſhall tell you all.

Turn. My Maid! Heav'ns forbid! A Man in the Room, and my Maid go out, not for the World! I believe you have ſome deſign upon me, and have ſet your Companions to watch their opportunity to enter when no body's here but us, ſo to force me to Marry you for ſafety of my Reputation; but I'le aſſure you I ſhall be more cautious.

Ruff. Madam, your fears are vain —— I adore you —— And I dare tell you, I merit you now —— ſince I am Valiant. You ſaid, you found my want of Valour the greateſt barr to my happineſs.

Alas,

Alas, alas, Madam, Cowardize was A humour I only put on for a time; but you ſhall hear ſuddenly ſuch things —— la, la, la, —— will you let your Maid with-draw? Upon my Honour, and by my budding Glory, I have no deſign, but to let you know I merit you —— I merit you, that's a bold word, I gad, but I dare ſay it, la, la, la.

Turn. *Peg*, go down, but be ſure to be within hearing, ſhould I call. [*Exit* Peg.

Sir, you ſee what hazzards I run to give you ſatisfaction; I'm afraid you'l Interpret this to too much inclination in me, and I wou'd not that for the World.

Ruff. Madam, you need not fear cenſure for your favouring me, I tell you I deſerve it, for I am Valiant. You know *Townlove*, don't you?

Turn. Yes, Sir, what then?

Ruff. A very brave Fellow that —— And *will Merry* too; I have ſeen e'm both Viſit you —— And brave Fellows both; by Heav'ns, Madam, they are, as any walks the ſtreets.

Turn. I ne're heard otherways: But what then?

Ruff. What then? I ſay, damme, blood, ſhould any Bully Rock of e'm all but ſay, or think *Townlove* or *Merry* are not as brave Men as Live, I would ſend the lye down their Throats with my double fiſts, that I wou'd; *Townlove* or *Merry* not brave! I laugh at that, la, la, la.

Turn. But good Sir, to the bus'neſs.

Ruff. Why, that's to the bus'neſs, Madam, I tell you they are Gallant, Brave Fellows, and they know one ſhall be nameleſs, that's my ſelf, as brave as either of them, ask e'm when you ſee e'm, how I ſwing'd a couple of Bullys laſt Night; la, la, la. Ask e'm, I ſay, they'l tell you how I duſted e'm about when they were both drawn upon me at once; I feag'd e'm i'faith, they both ſaw it; two on e'm at a time, Madam, won their Money, made meer bubles of e'm, and when I had done, kickt e'm, and turn'd e'm down ſtairs; la, la, la, at the *Roſe* Tavern: How like you that, Madam?

Turn. Truly, Sir, I am glad you got no hurt, for I Love a Valiant Man and ſhould be ſorry he ſhould get hurt by his Courage. But, Sir, if this be all the bus'neſs, you might have ſtaid telling it till after Dinner.

Ruff. All,

Ruff. All, Madam, 'tis not half; this is only what *Townlove* and *Merry* saw: All, all, say you? Alas, alas, I am to Fight a Duel this Morning in Hide-Park, at six of the Clock, with a Man as Valiant as twenty such as they, that's it: I tell you, Madam, this is truth, and therefore, not knowing how Fate will dispose of this Body, I come to assure you my Soul is yours, go where it will.

Turn. I find I'm over-come by your worth, it must not be, do not Fight; you say your Soul is mine, then do not take it from me, I will not let you Fight.

Ruff. Alas, Madam, it can't be helpt —— My Honour, my Honour, think o'th' that; la, la, la, I tell you my Honour is dearer to me than my Life.

Turn. Or mine either I see; O cruel Man, was it with design to kill me you came this Morning? Alas, 'tis five a Clock already, and six, you say's, the hour. Oh, do not go, stay here with me, I'le say I lockt you up.

Ruff. Madam, 'tis all in vain, your tears are all in vain; my Honour calls me forth, if I be slain, as chance of War is doubtful, think sometimes of poor *Ruffle*.

Turn. Ah, do not think of dying yet, do not go.

Ruff. Honour, Madam, Honour; think of that: Farewel.

[*Exit.*

Enter Townlove.

Town. What the Devil doth the Rogue mean? Not one word of all his beating of two Men in our Company is true; he lay vapouring of his having kickt a Man, to *Will Merry*, and he believ'd it, but could not perswade me to be of his Faith, though I believe there may be something in the latter part of the Story.

Turn. Let him be hang'd, he is not worth concerning our selves about him, prethee Dear, let's to Bed.

Town. Nay, I am confident he'l secure himself from any danger but dry beating, or kicking, and therefore he shall be no part of my care.

Enter Peg.

Peg. Sir, Mr. *Merry* must speak with you.

Town. Bid him come up; what's his bus'ness, I wonder?

[*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Merry.

Mer. Good Morrow, Madam. What, han't you been in Bed yet, *Townlove?* I ſee you mighty mannagers of Miſſes, that ſeem ſo induſtrious and eager to be at e'm are as long a getting into the Saddle when you have the Bridle in your hand, as Men leſs profeſt in the vaulting Trade.

Turn. Troth, Mr. *Merry*, I could chide you heartily for keeping Mr. *Townlove* out all Night, when he had promiſed me he would come.

Mer. Faith, you'l have greater Reaſon to chide, when I muſt take him from you preſently: Come, prethee *Townlove*, dreſs, I have buſineſs with you, your Ear ——

Turn. I wiſh, Mr. *Merry*, you were Marryed once, then I hope you will be tam'd, and let Mr. *Townlove* ſleep in his Bed quietly.

Town. I'm ſorry for it, I'le ſlip on my Coat; (help me, *Peg*,) and go with you.

Mer. Faith, Madam, I don't believe you wiſh his buſineſs ſhould be to ſleep quietly in Bed.

Turn. Troth, Sir, one good turn is, you ſcarce know what Women wiſh.

Town. But, *Will Merry*, here hath been *Ruffle*, and told ſuch damn'd lyes to *Turnup* of his Valour, that you ne're heard the like; and quotes you and I for Vouchers.

Mer. Dam him, for an unreclaimable Coward, he did nothing but huff when you were gone, becauſe *Ned Raſh* ſeem'd to take his part; and when I believing him Valiant, would have took him to task, he prov'd the ſame ſneaking thing he always was.

Turn. He tells me he is to fight this Morning at ſix.

Mer. Faith, may be he might miſtake a Man, and give a Challenge, but I'le ſecure him from fighting.

Town. There's ſomething comes in my Head; where are your Fiddles, *Merry?*

Mer. At the *Roſe* I left e'm, and bid e'm ſtay for me.

Town. *Turnup*, we'l ſend e'm to you, and give e'm ſuch Inſtructions, that 'tis ten to one they ſhall play up your Wedding Dinner to Day.

Turn. Faith, dear *Townlove*, I had rather Live as I do.

Mer. Gad,

Mer. Gad, Girle, I like thee for this; refuſe a thouſand pounds a year for Love of a Raſcal, that will ne're Marry thee.

Turn. I Love Mr. *Townlove* too well, to deſire to Marry him, if he was ſuch a Fool to have me; now all our pleaſures come freely, but when they once are our Duties, 'twou'd go ſo againſt the hair; no, I'le ne're marry a Man I Love.

Mer. This is the prettieſt ſort of new Philoſophy in Love; right *Deſcartes*, it depends all upon motion. Why, what wou'd *Lucrece*, *Cornelie*, and the reſt of the Ancient Husband Lovers ſay; did they ſee theſe dayes?

Town. Why, *Merry*, no doubt but they would be converted to Love for delight, and Marry for conveniency, as *Turnup* here ſhall do, therefore I charge you mannage your buſineſs ſo, as I may ſalute you the next time I ſee you, by the Name of *Ruffle*.

Turn. Well, *Townlove*, I did not think you would have left me ſo ſoon; but I will do what you bid me, to ſhew you that I can Love better than you in diſpoſing of my ſelf, that you may get a new Miſtreſs, for I know there's your aim.

Mer. A gallant Trade, let me be hang'd elſe.

Town. Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene a Chamber.

Enter Betty *and* Honour.

Hon. Was e're ſo croſs a miſchief known? I'm confident Mr. *Merry* meant nothing but mirth.

Betty. 'Twas that untimely mirth, to which we owe all this diſtraction; Curſe on his Revels, and may he be condemn'd ne're to take Reſt that hath by this Nights waking, rob'd me, I fear, of quiet during Life.

Hon. Madam, me-thinks you are too paſſionate, and ſomething like your Brother, to whom in Juſtice you ſhould impute all miſchief that ſhall happen; for I'm ſure it was his onely fault theſe Quarrels ris.

Betty. 'Tis you are paſſionate, and blinded too by your concerns for

for *Merry*; he, I ſay, who, could he keep his Bed, and leave his Fooling, wou'd not be Author of ſo many broyls his drunkenneſs muſt daily now occaſion.

Hon. This Language, Madam, better would beſeem your Land-Lady, when in a high concern for tother farthing Candle, ſhe wou'd rate your Foot-man for the evil hours he keeps. To tax a Gentleman with Drunkenneſs, is proper for no mouth but ſuch a one as makes the loudeſt noiſe in crying Oyſters.

Betty. Oh, that we both were Men but for an hour, and all the Quarrel ours, though bound to end it with our Lives.

Hon. I cannot wiſh to leave the World ſo ſoon, ſince there is ſomething in it I muſt like, in ſpight of all detraction. But truly, Madam, I could hazzard much againſt the Siſter of that Man I know attempts my Brother's Life.

Betty. Your Brother (Oh, that I live to ſay it) caus'd that Quarrel, as you do this; t'was he that ſent the Challenge.

Hon. 'Tis likely then, he had occaſion for it.

Betty. Oh, yes, occaſion; he could not ſure want that, ſince I'm his Miſtreſs; one he fain would break with, and wants a fit pretence; but ſure he need not have gone ſo far about, for I believe he ne're had mighty cauſe to think I doted.

Hon. No, Madam, to deal freely, I've obſerv'd your Pride ſtill ſtrugled with your Inclination; yet had he not been blinded by his Paſſion, he might have ſeen through all your ſcorns a likeing.

Bet. Ill-temper'd Maid, thus to abuſe my Patience: Oh, for two Swords, that Women, though we are, we yet might try whether our feeble Arms were wholly wanting to our Active ſpleens.

Hon. Your wiſh ſo hearty ſeems, it wou'd be pity you ſhould not have it granted; and I find your braves have ſo diſperſt all fear in me, that I as much do long to try this fighting, as you can ſeem to do; ſtay but a little, I ſoon can find two Swords. [*Exit* Hon.

Betty. Do't then, and if I don't ſoon make you feel th' effects of Anger, though by weakneſs backt, then let me be deſpis'd by all that Love me. [*Enter* Honour *with Swords.*

Hon. Here are the Swords.

Betty. Come, give me one, I long to ſee it drawn.

Hon. Nay, ſtay, you ſhannot have the longeſt; there, take that.

Betty. Let me feel the point —— 'tis ſharp, I warrant you I'le make it enter.

Hon. Enter where? I hope you do not mean to kill me.

Betty. Come, come, lets fight; what, Weapons in our hands, and ſpend our time in talking.

Enter Roſe, *and draws.*

Roſe. Hey day, what's here, two Women-Duellers? Some fighting Planet Reigns to day ſure: Ladies, 'tis very pretty, you that ſhould be Active in making Peace between your Brothers, are practiſing the Art to be their Seconds. Me-thinks a naked Weapon, with ſo ſharp a point, is not very proper for your Ladyſhips hand, pray let me take it from you.

Betty. I beg your pardon, Sir, 'tis not ſo eaſie to take a Sword from me, as you imagine.

Roſe. But I'le aſſure you, Lady, I muſt prevent all fighting, 'tis my buſineſs; therefore relate the Quarrel, that I may make you Friends.

Betty. No Relations, Sir; our Quarrels Love and Honour, that's enough.

Roſe. Enough, ſay you? I, to ſet the whole World together by the Ears, or to make e'm Friends again either: Love and Honour are the two great Wheels, on which all buſineſs moves. The Tradeſman Cheats you upon his Honour, and like a Lord ſwears by that, but that he particularly loves you, you ſhould not have it ſo. No Tragedy, Comedy, Farſe, Demi-Farſe, or Song now adayes, but is full of Love and Honour: Your Coffe-drinking-Crop-ear'd-Little Banded-Secretary, that pretends not to know more of Honour than it's Name, will out of abundance of Love be ſtill ſighing and groaning for the Honour of the Nation. Nay, the Lady, that for Impudence ſake hides her Face behind a Vizzard, will proteſt in taking the mollifying Guinney, that it is not that, but the confidence ſhe hath that the Gallant will be careful of her Honour, and becauſe ſhe loves him, that makes her beſtow ſo conſiderable a Pox upon him: And therefore, Ladies, if Love and Honour be the motive of your unuſual Valour, 'tis ten to one you may do wonders with your Weapons without going to Fencing Schools.

Hon. Come, prethee, *Roſe*, leave Fooling, and tell us in what poſture

poſture our unlucky affairs are, for I am more for that, then for fighting.

Betty. *Roſe*, ſaid you?

Roſe. Yes, the very ſame, at your Ladyſhips Service, though very unable, you'l ſay, to do much.

Betty. Prethee, how comes this Diſguiſe?

Roſe. To play the part of a right Town Gallant, raiſe Quarrels, and then prevent them by Diſcovery, this is the way moſt Men find to Honour now adayes; the Quarrel is begun with Son of a Whore, you Lye, or a box on the Ear, ſlight matters, not able to provoke heat of Blood enough to fight preſently, but the formal Challenge muſt follow, the Seconds muſt confer, and the Swords be meaſur'd in order to a meeting the next Morning in the Field; which none of the four but thinks himſelf bound by the Religious Rules of ſelf-preſervation to prevent, and therefore each whiſpers the matter to one of his beſt Friends at leaſt, and the Devil's in't, if none of them will find one that loves him ſo well to riſe a little earlier, to fetch a Guard to prevent all. And you muſt think they are ſoon made Friends, their meek Dove-like Honour being ſafe.

Hon. I never diſcover'd talking to be the Crime of our Sex before: I thought it had been a ſcandal placed upon us, but I ſee now 'tis true; for I never heard ſo many words to ſo little purpoſe from one that wore a pair of Breeches in my Life. Prethee, *Roſe*, leave this talkative humour, and tell me how matters ſtand.

Roſe. Why, Ladies both, they ſtand as you would have e'm ſtand; therefore do but prepare your ſelves to go whither I will conduct you, if you are not throughly pleas'd with their ſtanding before to Morrow Morning, let *Roſe* be condemn'd never to have to do with any thing within a pair of Breeches again.

Hon. Well, *Roſe*, I will believe 'tis thy Morning's draught makes thy Tongue run thus wildly, pray heav'n it be'nt before thy wit.

Roſe. No fears, Madam, though I muſt tell you Mr. *Merry* has receiv'd a Challenge this morning as well as the reſt.

Hon. He Challeng'd! By whom, dear *Roſe*, tell me.

Roſe. No, I ſhould talk too much, ſhould I tell you; I will have a care of running into that error again.

Hon. Cruel Wench, to put me in a fright thus.

Betty. I am glad to see you punisht with your fears for *Merry's* safety, me-thinks through all your scorns, was he but hear, he might discern a liking.

Hon. 'Tis true, I did deserve your Anger, Madam, for urging that of which my self was guilty; but pardon me, I hope this falling out will but confirm our Friendships.

Betty. I doubt it not, if *Rose* makes good her word.

[*Throw away their Swords.*

Rose. Why brave, i'faith, you're Bully Rocks exactly, and know to the splinter of a hair when to draw, and when to put up with Honour; Masquerading must needs go on, when Women practice the substantial'st part of Man, that's drawing Naked Weapons. But come, a Coach waits at the Door to convey you where you may have opportunity to try your Courages a safer way, though I will not affirm without Blood-shed.

Hon. Thou art run stark mad, *Rose.*

Betty. And we, I fear, are as mad, to believe any thing she saith.

Rose. But if you believe not me, go where you may trust your senses, I hope hearing and seeing, or at least, the most excellent sense feeling will be trusted by you. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene Hide-Park.

Enter Ruffle *alone.*

Ruff. He is not come, I see; faith two to one he dares not: For I have seen many man with as fighting a Face, and as apt to throw a Tobacco-pipe too, that hath been as backwards when matters have come to the push as men of easier fleam; I, gad, I hope this will prove a lucky Adventure, but then I might have sav'd the money I am to give *Breef* and *Fullam* for prevention; a plague on't, that we heartless men can't know one another by sympathy, 'tis true, by experience on my self, I can give a pretty near guess, and therefore I never hear a man that's apt to speak ill of others behind their backs under the Seal of secrecy, or that enquires for mens Names that are Cowards, to report them so in all Companies they come in, or that

is

is alwayes drawing a Sword, to talk of fancying a paſs, or that never ſees a pale, young, or ſickly Face, but he makes it red with bluſhing at the abuſes he puts upon it, or indeed one that ſeems alwayes ſo big with Valour, that by Hectoring, huffing, talking of Duels, and breaking Drawers pates, doth, as it were, cry out to be deliver'd of this Tympany of Courage —— S'blood, what's that comes yonder? By heav'ns my man —— And no ſight of my hirelings —— No where to get out of ſight till they appear —— No, 'tis impoſſible but he ſees me: What the Devil ſhall I do —— I think I had beſt fall to Queries about the Quarrel —— a way many a Young Gallant hath prevented the pinking his Doublet by —— Ne're ſtir, me-thinks the danger makes me think I dare fight; I, gad, I'le do't; hang it, it is but dying, and that I muſt do at laſt in ſpight of my teeth.

Enter Muchland.

Much. Sir, I ſee your Anger hath made you get the ſtart, both of the hour and me; 'tis hardly ſix.

Ruff. Your provocation made it ſeem ſo to me an hour agone —— and I do wonder ——

Much. Let's not loſe more time in talking then, the diſpatch I intend with my Sword ſhall make amends for the time you loſt by ſtaying.

Ruff. Sir, I'm ignorant who is your Taylor, and therefore might enquire with what he lynes your Cloaths.

Much. You have reaſon, Sir, I think our Shirts an't proof.

Ruff. I think we had beſt to ſtrip then, not that I doubt your Honour, Sir. [*Both ſtripping.*

Much. That's as you pleaſe, Sir, it muſt relye on proof.

Ruff. Sure I dare fight —— the Spirit comes upon me: And this Gentleman ſeems ſo careleſs of it, that I believe there's not that danger in fighting I once thought —— but wou'd the Rogues would come though.

Much. Sir, are you ready?

Ruff. Almoſt, Sir, a curſed Band-ſtring hampers my Button ſo, I can't undo't.

Much. Shall I help you?

Ruff. No, Sir —— Gad, they're coming —— [*Aſide.*

I've

I've done it, come, Sir; but what two men are yonder?

Much. Some to prevent us, I dare lay my Life, they run so fast; but let's make haste, we may out-do their diligence.

Ruff. I hope we may. } *They fight,* Ruffle *parries and traverses. Enter* Fullam *and* Breef.

Within. Hold, Mr. *Ruffle*, you are a dead Man else.

Ful. Sir, we beg your pardon, we came no sooner to your Rescue. [*To* Muchland.

Breef. But we are glad our Swords were not wholly prevented from serving you.

Much. Gentlemen, what mean you to excuse your absence so long, since I could with the courtesie had still continued.

Ful. We cannot blame you to be a little Angry, since we were not so diligent in performing our words as we promis'd.

Much. What words? What promise? Gentlemen, I never saw you before in my Life, as I know of.

Breef. What, Sir, not at the *Rose* Tavern this morning, when we engag'd our words to do you Service against this Gentleman, as we are ready, then let us use no time, for yonder's Company.

Much. Sir, give me leave to tell you, y'are both Villains, that would contrive the murder of my Honour, a thing much dearer to me than my Life; therefore, Sir, as you are a Gentleman, joyn, but and drive these Rascals from our sight, or from the World, and then we'l fight in quiet. [*To* Ruffle.

Ruff. Your Dialogue is too mysterious, Sir, for me to mix with; therefore stand off, if I'm ordain'd to dye now, none shall say I did not sell my Life at Honours utmost rate, then do your worst, this Tree shall guard my Back, and this my Face.

Ful. Come, Sir, fall on, and let's dispatch him quickly.

Much. I'm here against you both: If you be Thieves, come, kill me first, then do the like by him, and take our plunder; but I am resolv'd no fear shall let you take my Honour from me.

Breef. Sir, what do you mean? You carry things too far.

Ruff. Come, do your worst; why so long a joyning?

Much. Oh heavens, what Fate is this? [*Enter Souldiers.*

Officer. Put up your Swords, and come along with us; must we be alwayes plagu'd with your rash Quarrels?

Much. Sir

Much. Sir, as you're a Gentleman.

Officer. No talking, Sir, to us; our Captain, perhaps, will hear you ſpeak. [*Exeunt.*

The Fifth Act.

Scene the Park.

Enter Sharp, Merry, *and* Townlove.

Sharp. SInce we are met, I ſee there is a neceſſity of opening our minds one to another before we can part: Faith, ſay, is not your buſineſs fighting?

Mer. I'm afraid it will prove ſo e're we go home, though conſidering every thing, I had much rather have walk'd abroad ſo early a Simpling, to gather herbs for a Dyet-drink, and took it when I had done, though it be the Liquor of all others I moſt abhor.

Sharp. I muſt confeſs I am here on the like Errand, and ſhould be loath to be prevented, though how we ſhall ſave our Reputations to our ſeveral Adverſaries when they find us together, I am to ſeek; nor is it reaſon for either to deſire the Field, ſhould be cleared by the other.

Town. I'le make a propoſition; you ſhall declare to each other the men you are to meet, then I will be upon the Scout, and give notice who approaches firſt, on which the other ſhall withdraw.

Raſh. I like the propoſition well; what ſay you, *Merry*?

Mer. The Gentleman I am to deal with, is one I would rather compoſe then fight with, and having little or no occaſion for the Quarrel, I hope to give Reaſons may end the buſineſs without noiſe, and therefore would be glad to ſpare Names.

Sharp. There can be little occaſion for that caution, ſince, I ſuppoſe, we are all too much Gentlemen, to be thought bablers; and

to

to ſhew I have reſerves, notwithſtanding I know your pretences; Mr. *Merry*, I dare tell you, 'tis Mr. *Muchland* I ſtay for.

Mer. Mr. *Muchland*! By what motives do you ſtay for him?

Sharp. Mov'd by a formal Challenge, ſent in writing, to meet him ſingly here: But who's your Man?

Mer. I beg your pardon, I have reaſons force me to conceal his Name. But you ſurprize me much, and though I know that words went high between you, I ne're thought they could have mov'd a Challenge: Pray, Sir, who brought it?

Sharp. Your cautious dealing teaches me the ſame, though, I confeſs, too late.

Town. I've no ſuch Obligations; and ſince I ſee there's ſomething foul in this, I will not ſpare to ſay, 'tis by Mr. *Muchland*'s appointment we are likewiſe here now; and I am ſorry to ſee, that Challenging two Men together to one place, his Courage dare meet neither.

Mer. *Townlove*, don't wrong a Man you never try'd.

Town. He that ſeeks further tryal let him find it, I'm ſatisfied, if words will fright a Man, he ſhan't want them from him; but prethee tell, what Man did bring thy Challenge?

Sharp. One of thoſe Gentlemen we met i'th' ſtreet; he that durſt drink.

Mer. The ſame that came to me; 'tis plain, they do but Jeſt, and ſent us hither only to laugh at us.

Raſh. My Temper's not ſo pleaſant to find out Jeſts in formal Challenges.

Mer. Nor mine ſo ſowr, but I can take for Jeſt all that is meant ſo.

Town. All that occurs to me on the whole matter, is this, that we may all go back again, and wait his Explanation of the Riddle.

Enter a Guard.

Officer. Come, Gentlemen, deliver up your Swords, you'l have no uſe of e'm, it ſeems, to day.

Raſh. I pray Sir, what's the matter?

Officer. We are ſent to prevent the Duel you are come about.

Town. It ſeem we came about no Duel, Sir, and you may ſpare your pains.

Officer. You

Officer. You are merry, Sir, but we muſt do our Duty; then give us up your Swords.

Raſh. I think that is not uſual, and I ſhould be loath to make a preſident of delivering my Sword before 'tis forc'd away.

Officer. If you will give your words to go with us, you then may wear your Swords.

Mer. Where is it we muſt go?

Officer. The back way to the Mulberry-Garden; they who employ'd us wait our coming thither: But we want another, they ſaid we ſhould find four.

Town. It was a needleſs caution in e'm, be who they will; for that fourth man you ſpeak of is as good as forty Guards at preventing Duels.

Mer. Come, go on, we'l be your Peaceful Priſoners, though you permit our Swords.

Officer. Sir, 'tis enough; march on. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene Mulberry-Garden.

Enter Honour, Betty, *and* Roſe.

Roſe. I am ſurpriz'd extreamly, here is a Guard hath brought in four Gentlemen already they took Actively fighting, as they ſay, and Mr. *Muchland's* one, I ſaw him through the Door.

Betty. This is your diligence, good Mrs. *Roſe*, you have undone us, for if they've fought, they then will ne're be Friends.

Hon. What a Fool was I to truſt ſo weighty a concern to the conduct of a wanton, hare-brain'd Wench.

Betty. Ne're ſtir, *Roſe*, compoſe all matters, as you promis'd, or you ſhall find what 'tis to raiſe my expectation high, and then to fool me.

Hon. 'Tis not your wanton Jeſts ſhall bring you off, I'le ſwear you ſhan't Live with me a day longer, if you fail your promiſe.

Roſe. Hey day, will you but give me leave to ſpeak; you're as pettiſh both of you as two Puritan Siſters, condemn'd to dye Maids, the greateſt Curſe accounted by the Saints of our Reformation that can be.

Hon. What

Hon. What can you say? Flam us off with some untoward Jest; no, forsooth, that shall not serve your turn.

Rose. I don't intend it shall, have but patience, that I may go and mix in Company with these same Duellers, if I don't set all things right again, let me be discarded by your Ladyship, and bound to fight a Duel with yours.

Betty. Let's see the effects of your promises quickly, or the Duel you speak of may prove a sharper then you believe.

Rose. If the Guard I have sent out catch any Quarry, let them keep e'm close in some Room till I return.

Hon. It shall be done, but let us have no more failings on your part. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Muchland, *first Officer*, Fullam, *and* Breef.

Much. By a Woman's directions, it seems, you surpriz'd us, and she's a Friend of *Ruffle*'s.

1. *Officer.* Yes, Sir, and they're together; I believe they will Marry, for a Parson is sent for.

Much. You seem a Man of Reason; your Ear.

Ful. This *Ruffle* will cheat us of what he promis'd, for he told me just now we came too late, and that the danger was past, he being forced to fight e're we Reliev'd him.

Breef. He curst and swore when I but spoke to him, and told me he would have me tost in a Blanket if I but mention'd money to him. Nay, he swore damn him, if in the humour he was in, he could not have beat us all three. And I believe he is Valiant, for we, you know, found him stript and fighting.

Ful. But he parryed and traverst damnably fast, and I'm convinc'd by Experience, that all Men who draw Swords are not Valiant; and that the Disease of Cowardise, when once proof against the Physick of beating, as his oft hath been, is incurable.

Breef. I cannot tell, but if we were once well off with what we got to Night, I would forgive him my Mornings hire.

Ful. I'm of your mind for that, I could admit of an easie excuse to be going.

1. *Officer.* Sir, you have satisfied me, and 'tis but reason; I'le take care you shannot be disturb'd. [*Exit Officer.*

Much. Gentlemen, my Old Acquaintance, and very good Friends

Friends that I never ſaw before, what motives had you to uſe me as you did i'th' Field juſt now?

Ful. Uſe you, how did we uſe you? Were not we civil in taking of your part? Damme, what wou'd you be at?

Much. No huffing, Raſcals, that will not do with me, I'm none of thoſe —— Come, tell me preſently what made you intereſt your ſelves in my concerns with ſuch a lye to back it, as if I had employ'd you? Come, Sir, ſpeak. [*Draws.*

Ful. Very pretty: *Breef*, didſt ever ſee the like? The Gallant knows us both for men of Honour, he durſt not elſe provoke two of us thus.

Much. Men of Honour i'th' Devils Name: A pair of Curs in couples are not more tame, nor readier for a beating; you huffing Raſcal, anſwer, what made you do't?

Ful. This is unſufferable, I am a Gentleman, and therefore do require ſatisfaction for this abuſe; meet me ſingly with your Sword then to morrow morning at the place where I ſav'd your Life and Honour both to day.

Much. Town tricks right; I'le try you firſt how far a Cudgel will provoke your paſſion. [*Exit* Muchland, *and bolts the Door.*

Breef. What ſhall we do, he hath lock'd the Door, or elſe we might have got *Ruffle* to take our parts.

Ful. Gad, let's both draw, and try to keep him off till the Guard hears.

Breef. Hang't, that won't do; I ſee he's one of thoſe that count their Honour dearer then their Lives; and Hell, Damnation, the Devil and all are not able to fright them from fighting when they are ſet on't. And though by my manner of Living I ſhould fear Hell as little as any Man, yet I could never perſwade my ſelf to be ready to dye, neither by Sword nor Hanging, one of which uſually follows the fighting of Men that Live in publick fame as I do.

Ful. Why then let's reſolve to ſuffer bravely, 'tis but a beating he'l give us, and he'l ſoon give over the Cudgel, if he be a Man of Honour as thou think'it he is.

Breef. I, but he is a Man of Countrey Honour, and they go a great way farther in beating a Man then your City Man of Honour doth. Alas, I know e'm both, the one is contented to give the

ſingle Battoon of diſgrace, but the tother ne're thinks it enough till he makes your skin o'th' colour of your hair. I am for down-right confeſſing all.

Ful. That's worſe by half, for then we fall under the Revenge of *Ruffle*, and nothing like being in the power of an inraged Coward.

[*Enter* Muchland *with two Cudgels.*

Breef. He comes, oh, heart, heart, hold breaking.

Much. Come, Gallants, I ſhould be loath to make uſe of theſe edgeleſs Weapons, therefore confeſs, and ſave me and your ſelves the trouble.

Ful. S'death, Sir, I hope you do not intend to be rude to Gentlemen in Cuſtody; you know we are Priſoners, or elſe ———

Much. Or elſe you would run away, therefore I'le begin with you. [*Beats* Fullam.

Ful. What do you mean, Sir —— Damme, this muſt not paſs — Revenge muſt follow —— aſſure your ſelf it muſt ——

Much. I do conſider that, and will give you a little thinking time, whilſt I exerciſe your Comerade.

Breef. Good Sir, be civil, you know I han't gave you a word to diſpleaſe you. [*Beats him.*

Much. Confeſs, Sir, then; confeſs.

Breef. Hold, good Sir, and I will.

Ful. Cowardly Raſcal; what, doſt fear a beating?

Much. Pray valiant Sir, ſtand by: Come, Sir, your ſtory.

Breef. Sir, we were hir'd by Mr. *Ruffle* to come into the Field, and ſeem to take your part, to get him Honour.

Much. What ſay you, Sir? Is this ſtory true?

Ful. Yes, 'tis a truth, but I'd have ſooner dy'd then told it you. Out, you hen-hearted Coward.

Much. Go, Sirrah, and kick him for calling you Coward.

Ful. Gad, I wou'd he durſt.

Much. Do't, or I'le Baſtinado you again. } Breef *takes up a ſtick, and goes to beat* Fullam, *who takes up another, and worſts him.*

Ful. Gad, I'le teach you to ſtrike me, you Cowardly Rogue.

Much. So, well done; now we ſhall ſoon be Friends.

Ful. Friends, Sir; no, Gad, I'le no Friendſhip with you.

Enter

Enter first Officer and Roſe.

1. *Officer.* This Gentlemans importunity hath forc'd me to introduce him to you.

Much. He's truly welcome.

Roſe. Sir, I am much ſurprized to find you here.

Much. You have reaſon for your wonder, but will not have ſo long, when I ſhall tell you the cauſe of my ſurpriſal, but now I have not time, I muſt deſire you to haſte into the Park to find out Mr. *Sharp*, and bring him hither, my Honour elſe may ſuffer.

Roſe. I ſhall obey you, and return preſently. [*Exit* Roſe.

Much. Come, my moſt excellent brace of Spanniels, you muſt go and witneſs what you've ſaid.

Ful. I'le witneſs nothing, not I.

1. *Officer.* Come, Sir, no muttering; march. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Honour, Betty, *and ſecond Officer.*

2. *Officer.* The Gentlemen we have taken, call themſelves *Raſh*, *Merry*, and *Townlove.*

Betty. You have done well; keep e'm upon your Lives.

2. *Officer.* Ne're fear it, Madam, they are ſafe enough.

[*Exit ſecond Officer.*

Betty. We're ſure by this 'tis none of them that fought with Mr. *Muchland.* [*Enter* Roſe.

Hon. No, that matter's plain, and I begin to gueſs the Man; but here comes *Roſe* will tell all. Oh, excellent *Roſe*, thy Guard of new-made Red-Coats have done their buſineſs bravely; they've brought in *Merry*, *Raſh*, and *Townlove.*

Roſe. I, now 'tis excellent *Roſe*; but by and by you'l call me long-tong'd, ſhallow-pate again: I am ſo elevated with the ſucceſs of my buſineſs, that like a new-made Biſhop, I could appear extreamly grave and moody.

Betty. Nay, *Roſe*, no ſtop of thy Induſtry for this favour of Fortune, for ſhould ſhe frown again, thy condition, like a diſgrac'd Favourites, would be more ſubject to oppreſſion, then if never ſhe had ſmil'd upon thee.

Roſe. I'faith, I believe you, for 'tis not the well-contriv'd project, but the ſucceſsful one is commended; and therefore I'le go on to projection. Step into that Cloſet there. [*Exeunt* Betty *and* Hon. Officer, bring in your Priſoners. *Enter*

Enter second Officer, with Rash, Merry, *and* Townlove.

Gentlemen, you are welcome to the Mulberry-Garden.

Rash. You'l have our thanks, Sir, as we find our usage.

Rose. It cannot well be worse then what I suffer'd at our first meeting, Sir.

Rash. Come, to the business, Sir; what wou'd you with us?

Rose. By your demand you almost make me think I am your Prisoner, but I must have other Language from you e're we part.

Ader. Sir, you need use little ceremony in what you mean to do; your Souldiers, if you command them, took us in the Field, you know as well as we why we were there.

Town. And there may come a time you may account for it.

Rose. No threatning, Sir, for you are least concern'd, and since I am resolv'd to examine you apart, you shall be the first I'le talk with. Officer, put that Gentleman into that Room, take that along with you, and leave this angry Man for me to talk with. { *Puts* Merry *into* Honour *and* Betty. *Exeunt all but* Rose *and* Townlove.

Town. Well, Sir, and what's all this for?

Rose. You told me once to day, you wisht my Friendship.

Town. I did so, when I took you for a Man of Honour, but now I see you're none, I slight your Friendship.

Rose. In what don't I appear the same Man still?

Town. You carry Challenges basely intermixt, and yet prevent all fighting by making us Prisoners, and use us too as 't 'twere for Crimes of State we were Committed.

Rose. High accusations, and with much Anger urg'd; but suppose *Rose* should like the proposition you made her to day, and that I had been the main Instrument to bring it about, would you not be pleas'd with me then?

Town. No, faith, should I not; for I believe if so, she's but your leavings, and I'd be loath to keep her on those terms.

Rose. I will not say, but I know whether *Rose* be a Man or a Woman: But what then? I dare be sworn for her no Man else doth; then why so coy? I do believe you have kept worse on worse Commendations.

Town. That's no matter, I took e'm from better Friends then; but to the business, Sir, and then dismiss me.

Rose. You're

Roſe. You're at the buſineſs now; I'm *Roſe* her ſelf.

Town. The Devil thou art; but now I look on thee better, 'tis thee; but what Gallant was he with you, *Roſe?* I'm afraid you are pre-ingaged.

Roſe. It was a Woman too; no more of that, I'le tell you all anon: Why an't you furious, appoint the place to meet in for our Duel? I know you'l Challenge me.

Town. I, to a Bed, dear *Roſe*; that, that's the place we'l meet in.

Roſe. Soft and fair, two words more to that bargain; your preſent buſineſs is to take up Quarrels, for Mr. *Merry*s is ended I do believe by this; don't ſeem to know me, nor nothing of the frolick to my Lady, as you love me; ſhe's here, and *Raſhes* Sifter with her. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Muchland, Ruffle, Breef, *and* Fullam.

Ruff. Upon my Honour all they ſay is falſe, and you may think ſo by what they've done: Take beaten Raſcals words, they ſpeak for fear.

Much. I would be glad to think ſo.

Ruff. And I'le convince you preſently; lend me your Cudgel. [*He goeth to beat* Fullam.

Ful. What do you mean, Mr. *Ruffle?* As I'm a Gentleman, do what he could, I never would confeſs.

Ruff. Then was it you that ſaid it, Villain?

Breef. I muſt confeſs my frailty; it was I.

Ruff. Oh, was it ſo? [*Beats him.*

Breef. But he confirm'd it too.

Ruff. Then he ſhall have it too. [*Beats tother.*

Ful. Hold, hold, good Sir, hold.

Ruff. Did I then hire you to it?

Ful. No, Sir, I ſay, and ſwore it too before.

Ruff. What ſay you, Raſcal?

Breef. Truly I cannot tell; I think you did not.

Ruff. You ſee what Rogues are here.

Much. I'm ſatisfied, and therefore let e'm go.

[*Exeunt* Fullam *and* Breef.

Ruff. What do you mean, Sir? [Muchland *locks the Door.*

Much. To

Much. To end this matter now, and since these Rogues have plac'd a scandal on you, wipe it off; come, to your Sword.

Ruff. Sir, I'm new Married, and will not fight to day.

Much. Oh, the multitude of several sorts of Cowards there are in the World! Come, without more ado, confess your self one.

Ruff. Confess my self a Coward, that's pretty, i'faith; have not you seen me meet you in the Field, fight you, beat these Rascals for traducing me, and yet confess my self a Coward, because I don't think it proper to fight on my Wedding-day? A very modest proposition. No, Sir, I'd have you know, this is a day of Joy. I have Marryed a Lady worth thousands, besides, for Beauty, Virtue, and good Breeding, I'le defie you to match her between the Tower and Westminster-Hall. She it was, that hearing of our Quarrel, sent the Guard to surprize us; and shall I wrong the Love of so Excellent a Lady for your humour? Damme, Blood, you make me mad that you do.

Much. I wish I could see the effects of it, but not to spend time in words, the case is this; either confess you hir'd those Fellows to come into the Field, that you likewise told your Wife that now is, of the Quarrel on purpose to be surpriz'd, and that you are a Coward, and dare not fight. And all this to be openly done before as many as I shall appoint to hear it, or prepare your self to dye, for that must be your Fate or mine before we part this Room.

Ruff. Tell me, Sir, do you think you Act now like a Man of Honour —— Heav'ns, how Men mistake themselves; would you place this upon a Man that you thought durst fight? Tell me that, would you?

Much. No, Sir, I should not.

Ruff. there's it, and yet you hope to be counted a brave Man for this —— Damme, Blood, if I could not find in my heart to break my Resolution of not Fighting to day, rather then suffer you to go away with it thus. But since my word was past before for not fighting (and 'tis the greatest part of Honour to keep that) I will humour you in tother: But, Sir, let it be done so, that it may not grieve my Wife; and write down the words that I must say, that there may be no new occasion for breach of Friendship between you and I.

Much. Well

Much: Well, Sir, I ſhall do it. Who waits there? Bring a Pen and Ink to the next Room. { *Opens the Door.*

Enter Roſe.

Roſe. Sir, I have perform'd your Commands; the Gentleman is in another Room.

Much. He ſhall ſoon ſee the occaſion of my failing him. [*Exit* Muchland.

Ruff. Sir, your moſt obedient Servant, you are a Friend of Mr. *Muchland*'s here; upon my Life a worthy Man he is: He and I have been merry together this Morning.

Roſe. By the Guard that waits, I thought it had been otherways.

Ruff. You mean, you thought us fighting; but that hinders no mirth, Men of Honour never fall out about that —— though I could tell you, as a Friend of his, I was once deſperately afraid I had kill'd him.

Roſe. Why, did you Wound him, Sir?

Ruff. No, but I'le tell you, he ſtood upon his Guard, as't might be thus; and to ſpeak truth, would not budge one foot, I'le ſay that for him; I made a paſs or two, as't might be thus; he parryed, but I reſolv'd to make an end on't quickly, ſeeing ſome People coming, therefore I made a through paſs, and run my Sword to th' hilts.

Roſe. In what?

Ruff. In's ſhirt, it prov'd to be in's ſhirt; but I, Gad, I was upon flying, if the Guard had not come and took us.

Roſe. It ſeems there was no cauſe, having done him no hurt.

Ruff. I knew not that; but I Gad, he's your Friend, preſerve him ſo, for there breaths not a braver fellow, take that from me. But, Sir, upon your Honour ſpeak not a word of this, I know he'l have you Spectator of a frolick we have agreed on; 'tis that I will not have confidence to ſpeak ſome words openly that he ſhall write, but I Gad, let e'm be as bad as they will, I'le ſpeak e'm, let who will be by.

Enter Muchland.

Much. There are the words, look e'm over, I'le tell you when to ſpeak e'm.

Ruff. Then if I do it not, take me and hang me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Merry, Townlove, Honour, Betty, *and* Raſh.

Betty. Yes truly, Sir, the Gentleman that brought you the Challenge gave me notice of it, and had I not Reaſon to take the beſt care I could to prevent it?

Raſh. They took care enough themſelves, it ſeems.

Town. Faith, *Raſh*, I had once as ill an Opinion of their proceedings as you, but now I am fully ſatisfied in every particular.

Mer. I am glad I out-went you both in true conſidering, for you know it would never out of my head, but that *Muchland* was all worth. Oh, the Excellent Advantages Men have by Wine! it leaves a certain Spirit in ones head, like that of Propheſie.

Raſh. Like it indeed; Propheſie being a ſort of madneſs, that fills the head, and intoxicates the Underſtanding, making Men ſpeak abundance of things they neither believe themſelves, nor any Body elſe, till ſomething comes to paſs by chance that they ſeem'd to foretell. And then oh, the wonder, as if they that fore-told what could not be prevented, were not altogether as uſeleſs Members to a Common-Wealth, as a ſick Paſſenger at Sea is to a ſinking Ship, when he bellows out between Praying and Swearing; God, we are all loſt.

Mer. Prethee leave, I'm for no Morals, or long-winded ſimelies. Here comes the Lad I am for. [*Enter* Roſe. One that underſtands his Glaſs, and makes himſelf and his Company merry without detracting from his abſent, or ſatiriſing on his preſent Friend.

Town. Well, our little Projecter, how go matters? I could for thy ſake turn Woodcock in the Play, and alwayes be kiſſing.

[*Kiſſes* Roſe.

Roſe. If you ſtop my mouth thus, how ſhall I tell what you would know: But are you all agreed upon the matter?

Mer. Onely *Ned Raſh* hath a little grumbling diſcontent towards you ſtill.

Roſe. I ſhall ſoon Cure that; come, you muſt go all of you to the Balcony, and there you ſhall ſee what Heroes Mr. *Muchland* hath been engag'd withal this Morning. And, Mr. *Raſh*, if your Siſter do not make Mr. *Muchland* and you, and I too Friends, before we part, I'le be condemn'd to ſing Fortune my Foe in a Nunnery all dayes of my Life.

Town. In

Town. In a Nunnery! What have you to do with a Nunnery?

Roſe. You ſay right indeed, for if the bargain go on you wot on, I ſhould have little to do with a Nunnery, though I were condemn'd to wear Petticoats; but no more of thoſe miſtakes, but away.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Muchland, Ruffle, Fullam, Breef, *firſt Officer, and Guard.*

Ruff. Gad, Mr. *Muchland*, the words are too ſevere, there is no enduring of e'm —— let me leave out this Sentence: *And like a Cowardly Son of a Whore as I am:* Look you, Sir, this is abuſing of my Mother, and ſhe had not the leaſt hand in the Quarrel. What ſay you, Sir, is not this Reaſon?

Ful. Gad, Sir, I wou'd ſooner dye then ſay it.

Much. You'l ſooner be hang'd then dye, like a Cowardly Raſcal as you are.

Ful. You may ſay what you will, but there are them in Town know me for another ſort of Man I dare aſſure you.

Ruff. Then the Song, Mr. *Muchland*, you know that goeth beyond the bargain. [*Enter on one ſide all the Company, and* Turnup. What, all them, and my own dear Wife too. By Heav'ns I'le dye ten thouſand Deaths before I'le do't. Your Servant, Gentlemen; your Servant, Ladies. A merry Craſh hath hapned between Mr. *Muchland* and I; we are here Drolling one upon another: Gad, Mr. *Muchland*, if you had not the ill Nature of all the Juſtices in your whole Countrey, you would never urge me to it, I never will conſent to read the Paper, and ſing the Song too, that's flat.

Much. Well, on condition, you'l all of you ſing, and Act the Song to the Life, I am contented you ſhall only deliver the Paper to Mr. *Raſh*, and confeſs it to be all a truth.

Ruff. I'le do't, here's my hand on't; Mr. *Raſh* is a worthy Gentleman, and knoweth me well enough: Come down, come down, I and theſe Gentlemen are to ſing a mad Song to you.

[*Exeunt above.*

Much. He that ſpares, either in kicking or cuffing, ſhall find me upon his back with this.

Ruff. Damme, if either of you kick, or ſtrike me hard, I'le ſwinge you when we have done. [*Aſide To* Ful. *and* Breef.

Breef. I'le warrant you, Sir.

Ful. I'le do as I ſee cauſe: *Breef*, have you a care of my Boyl you had beſt, or look to't.

Enter all below.

Much. Sir, I hope this Gentleman hath inform'd you with what reſentments I intended to repair my Reputation, which I look'd upon as too deeply wounded for your ſelf to excuſe my ſilence in it, and likewiſe by what unlucky Accident I was prevented performing my appointment.

Raſh. Sir, I've no cauſe left to doubt i'th' leaſt your Honour, and do confeſs I was to blame in preſſing you too far; for which I beg your pardon.

Much. Could I but hope this Ladies, you have mine.

Hon. Ne're fear it, Brother, we are both come thus far to be Married, if we had your conſent, for I confeſs I am loath to go into the Countrey, and leave Mr. *Merry* unreclaim'd, for fear he ſhould be occaſion of ſome further Quarrel between you two.

Much. What ſay you, Madam, will you make good her word?

Betty. I to my Brother, Sir, refer the matter.

Raſh. Then you are his; take, Sir, this Bond of Friendſhip.

Much. A Chain ſo ſtrong, I hope can never break. Siſter, I wiſh you happy in your Choice.

Ruff. Friends all, Friends all; why, this is fine i'faith: Now, *Muchland*, hang the Catch; come, paſs it by.

Much. Not for the World: Come, the Wine there, and begin.

A Catch Sung by Ruffle, Breef, *and* Fullam: *They in their turns, Drinking, Kicking, and Cuffing one the other at the words to that purpoſe.*

Ruffle. *WE are Gallants of the Town;*
Men of ſprightly Breeding:
If Oaths will do't, we run e'm down,
But never come to Bleeding.

Chor. *We meaſure Swords, appoint the place, and thither do repair too;*
But Drink, Huff, Kick, Cuff; this is all we dare do.

At

Fullam. *At Play-Houſe we do count it brave*
To have the Maſques Acquaintance;
'Gainſt Wit and Sence we always rave,
And call't inſipid Non-ſence.
Chor. *We meaſure Swords, appoint the place, and thither do repair too;*
But Drink, Huff, Kick, Cuff; this is all we dare do.

Breef. *In Coffee-Houſe we Battles fight,*
And cenſure men of Honour;
We ſwear that ſuch a Ladies right,
And hath a Clap upon her.
Chor. *We meaſure Swords, appoint the place, and thither do repair too;*
But Drink, Huff, Kick, Cuff; this is all we dare do.

Much. That's done like Men of Valour.

Ruff. Nay, Gad, I defie him that can ſay I fear.

Turn. Now you are all Friends, know, the Guard I made uſe of to ſecure you, are all Mr. *Merry*'s Fiddles.

Much. I'm glad I did not know ſo much before, I ſhould have broke their Priſon, or their pates.

Roſe. My Guard are ſomething a Kin to yours, Men very expert in handling their Feet, if a Man may ſay ſo.

Mer. All this I ſee is a meer contrivance for a Dance; let's, without any more ado, have it then. [*Dance.*

Town. Come, Gallants, you think your buſineſs is done, but where's *Roſe's* thanks?

Mer. Roſe, I, Gad, I ne're dream't o'that; faith, *Roſe*, thou and I'le empty a Bottle ſometimes when thy Miſtreſs is in Bed, ſince thou'rt ſo good at Drinking.

Town. No, good Sir, *Roſe* is to ſet up in a better Imployment; for now *Ruffle* hath got my Old Miſtreſs, *Roſe* ſhall ſucceed in her place.

Ruff. I got his Miſtreſs, don't believe him, Dear, I ne're kept Miſs in my Life.

Town. Sir, 'tis even ſo, but I give her to you freely; ſhe was true to me, and may prove ſo to you.

Ruff. How, Marryed to a Wench.

Ful. Joy

Ful. Joy be with you, Valiant Sir; ha, ha.

Breef. Send you comfort of your Virtuous Lady; ha, ha.

Ruff. Shall theſe Rogues laugh they cheated me of above three-ſcore pounds to Night already? Make e'm repay me that ſum, I'le forgive all.

Much. We'l Dine together, and they ſhall pay the Reckoning.

Breef. Good Sir, las, 'tis all we have to truſt to.

Ruff. No grumbling, Raſcals, if you do, I'le ſwinge you: But, Gentlemen, be tender of my Honour, and I'le take all; ſay nothing, I'le to my Eſtate in the Countrey, where I ſhall paſs for as Valiant a Squire, and my Wife for as Virtuous a Lady as the beſt there.

Town. Well reſolv'd on, and I aſſure you I'le not Viſit your Lady when you are from Home, *Roſe* and I will keep cloſe together.

Hon. But, *Roſe*, I hope you don't mean to take ſuch courſes.

Roſe. No, Madam, you may be ſure on't, Mr. *Townlove's* merry, and talks wildly, that's all; if he and I keep Company, it ſhall be meerly in Friendſhip; I would not for the World loſe my Reputation with him, I hope you have all better thoughts of me.

Town. No, *Roſe*, I'le warrant e'm thee and I will ſecure one anothers Reputations.

For want of Cuſtom wonder doth produce,
And ills do loſe that Name by frequent uſe.

Epilogue.

EPILOGUE.

Poets we juſtly may Wit's Babbles call;
For they to almoſt nothing venture all.
They with each Play their Reputations ſtake,
And ten to one, if good, it doth not take.
In thoſe that do, that part you onely praiſe,
Which Comedians mimickry doth raiſe;
So he, and not the Poet, gets the Bays.
But if by Chance ſome Writer does Extort
From the World's Vogue a pretty good Report,
'Tis ſo allay'd by but why that or this,
That he might juſtly wiſh 'twas none of his.
Hard Fate! Have they alone! All men beſide
Some Curtain ſtill, their faults to hide.
States-men their Errors on their Agents lay;
'Tis Chance of War makes Souldiers loſe a Day:
And your Phyſicians ſhame Death wipes away;
But every Fool finds faults in every Play.
Things being ſo, it cannot be deny'd,
But to be Poet is a man's blind ſide.
This is the cauſe why Active times produce
The feweſt Writers for the Stages Uſe.
The World is buſie now; and ſome dare ſay
We have not ſeen of late one good New Play.
And ſuch believe Shakeſpear, *long ſince in's Grave,*
In Choiceſt Lybraries a place will have.
When not a modern Play will ſcape the fire:
I beg their pardons who themſelves admire.
Not but this Age hath many men as Wiſe,
But wiſely they this begging Art deſpiſe.
And two to one, was he alive this Day,
He'd have more wit, then e're to write a Play.
His Fruitful Brain would find Employment now,
Which Times of drowſie Peace did not allow;

Then

Then that you write not too, pray think your Fate,
Good lucky Poets, of your Sword and State:
And be not too severe on those that do,
For all you Play hath it's Spectators too.
'Mongst which there's some are Fools enough to blame
Our present War, the greatest Scene of Fame.
The best contriv'd, best lead, and bravest fought
Of all, in which England *has Glory sought.*
Yet if Cross Winds, or Storms do make you miss
One Action, strait Fanatick Criticks hiss.
An Envious sort of Sots, like ours i'th' Pit;
Who having none, still rail at all have Wit.
Our Author, though, is safe, and fears e'm not,
His Play pretends neither to Wit nor Plot;
But should you Damn it with your utmost spight,
When next he's idle, he again will Write.

FINIS.